

THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR BONDAGE PEOPLE

bondage life

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER FOUR • ADULTS ONLY • \$6.00

SPECIAL:

**INTERVIEW WITH
MISS VICKIE**

**NEW BOUND
BEAUTY
ANNIE HARRIS**

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**MOVIE BONDAGE
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Serving and Sharing

As you may have noticed, we refer to this as “The Magazine For and By Bondage People.”

And, as we mention later, we would like it to become more “By” than “For.”

There are so many thus far unshared bondage treasures out there – personal photographs, long stored and forgotten materials, even good new ideas on how the bondage culture can be better served.

And that sadly unshared accumulation of wonderful material is just what we need to make “Bondage Life” the publication you really want it to be.

So, please do think about sharing what you have, not so much with us, but through us to other men and women who adore bondage as much as you do. Chances are, you’ll wind up getting back a lot more than you give.

And, yes, before we forget again, those of you who are generous enough to contribute personal bondage photos, please remember to include a model release with your witnessing signature (you can copy the wording of the release on page 78 of *Bondage Life*, Volume 1). There is always the chance that the lovely Damsel in Distress whose picture you took awhile back and who you haven’t seen for however long, doesn’t want her picture published any more. And that’s a reasonable wish we would want to honor.

Meanwhile, we do hope you enjoy this fourth volume of *Bondage Life*. Thanks.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



bondage life

THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR BONDAGE PEOPLE

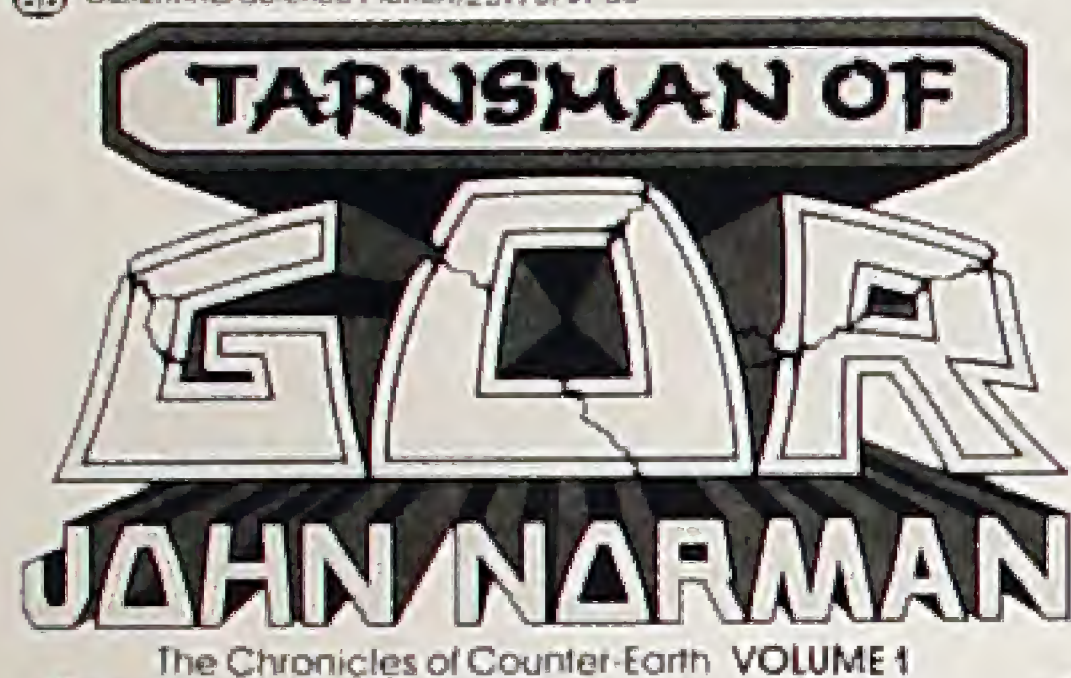
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For The People





bound BEAUTY ANNIE HARRIS

Sweet Annie Harris debuts as a Harmony Bound Beauty. You'll have to forgive her for not standing. Or speaking. Or twitching. It's hard to observe customary amenities when you're bound taut as a bowstring. As you can see, Darling Annie's pretty tensed up.



LASHING OUT AT THE SEXUAL PSYCHE

Bondage Life Interviews a Woman Who Whips Up Pleasure and Excitement Wherever She Goes.

MISS VICKI LOU



I don't think she looks like the pictures you see in her ads—she looks better.

And she looks more like a sweet Southern coed than the whip-wielding Miss Vickie Lou of ten-trillion facts and fantasies. Maybe it has to do with attitude. Maybe she projects one image for her magazine interviews and a completely different one for those so-called B&D sessions of hers.

Whatever, the Miss Vickie I spoke to one afternoon in Las Vegas a while back surprised me on two counts. She was more intelligent than I had thought and a hell of a lot better looking.

Her hair, first of all, hangs as a gentle frame to her face. It is rich chestnut, to match the almond of her eyes. Her face is above-average pretty. She is trim, although appropriately chesty with no apparent weight problem. She looks like a provocative campus coed, the Flame of Something Chi.

The voice has the power to melt whatever it floats toward—soft, melodic, classically Southern. About the only flaw, depending on your point of view, is that this somehow kittenish woman would just as soon beat hell out of you as look at you. And that, to many ladies and gentlemen who have endured both her forehand and backhand, is the most exquisite of her considerable qualities.

First of all, thanks for talking to *Bondage Life*.

My pleasure; it's a super book.

Thank you. Well, I guess the best first question is to ask you what you think of yourself. What is your own self-image?

My total self is that I love to express myself through my body and I do not like hangups—in myself or other people. And I can usually tell right away if someone is aggressive or submissive, and if they are really on the level. People open up to us since we are so open about our own lifestyle.

"Our?"

Yes, my husband Louie and I. We are practically never apart.

I see.

Anyway, we find so many people are interested in what we do, you know, doing it themselves, but they don't allow themselves to get into it. I think that's really a pity. But it really turns us on when we meet someone with an open mind. There was a fellow downstairs in the bar last night—he gave me that rose—and after we told him about our lifestyle, all he could say was, "Wow...if only I could relate to my lady like that."

This was someone you met last night?, a stranger?

We never meet strangers. If we don't like someone, we just disappear, walk away. Anyway, this guy asked us all kinds of questions about our private life and we enjoyed talking to him.

"...I love to express myself through my body and I do not like hangups—in myself or other people."

So you don't mind talking so intimately about yourself.

As long as we don't offend anyone.

How do people find out that you have such an unusual lifestyle?

I'm not exactly classified information. There have been so many magazine articles about me and I get the feeling that everyone on earth reads these things. They recognize me from my magazine pictures. There is one magazine called *Cherie* which ran 42 pictures of me, including the centerspread. Louie says I've been featured in something like 50 magazines in just the last year or so, so I'm pretty visible, especially here in Las Vegas, or big metropolitan places like Atlanta or New York.

You refer to it as your private life, but, because of all this promotion and your own openness about it, it really is your private life. If your life wasn't as devoted to sex as it is, what would you be doing instead?

Well I wouldn't change what I have. I'm very content with my life. When I went to college, I studied education. I wanted to be a teacher. But there is only a certain point to which anyone can relate even to children and then a line must be drawn and I'm too independent not to have to draw that line somewhere which would probably make me less of a teacher than I would want to be. A really committed teacher pretends that line doesn't exist which is an absolutely essential self-delusion that I don't have.

You seem to have compiled a pretty good reading on yourself.

I have. I love learning and my husband and I are into mind power, into understanding ourselves. Lots of people avoid understanding themselves because they know they'll come apart emotionally and blow their whole scene.

Do all of your friends know the kind of life you lead?

Sure, they wouldn't be friends if they didn't.

Why not.

What I need of a friend is understanding and acceptance. Friends are people you want to share time with and I don't enjoy spending time with people I have to hide things from.

Still, there are lots of people who are probably worth knowing who operate on at least two different levels.

That's true, but it's something I can't stand. We're completely up front with everyone we know. Take us or leave us.

This is who and what we are; if you can't accept that, go away. When people are up front with us, they save themselves a lot of trouble and increase their chances of getting what they really want. How do you get anything from anybody if you don't make what you want clear?

Yes, that's what Gwen Dolan told us in one of our earlier interviews—that people should come to terms with themselves about their fantasies and either keep them private and plan on never having any of them fulfilled or laying it on the line and winning at least a few. On to another point now—you said earlier that you could tell right away if someone is submissive or aggressive, as though each of us is one or the other. Do you really believe that's true?

Yes. And I believe I can spot which it is in any case. You know, there is this word "macho" which gets used a lot. Using it as a kind of framework for what we're saying now, I usually find that these manly, tough macho types are the all-time pussycats and that the macho attitude is just a defense to cover up the fact that they are exactly the opposite. He comes off in a bar as cool, a real he-man, and, eventually, he's right where he wants to be—groveling at some woman's feet. Deep down, he wants her on top; he wants her to be the aggressor. All I can say to a guy like that is that he's blowing it right at the start by putting out an image that isn't real. Some men seem to have that problem of thinking they'll lose respect when they are honest about who or what they really are, but I don't think they do. Frankly, I have a lot more respect for a man who's completely honest than for someone who wastes his time and hers by pretending to be something he isn't. It's stupid to be sexually dishonest, since it doesn't get you a damn thing.

Of course. Now back to that question about men being either submissive or aggressive and your being able to spot them at fifty yards.

Not quite, and I don't mean to imply that all men are one or the other. Many are, but then there are others with aggressive as well as submissive instincts on kind of a sliding scale, according to the mood you catch them in.

Were you always this sexually sophisticated?

No, I've learned, mainly from my husband. I'm still learning. There is always something new, plenty of things I still probably don't know about. You wrote

in one of your own books once that about twenty years ago you couldn't even find a mention of bondage in any sexual encyclopedia, despite the fact that it was common, you know, looking back from now. Well, if they could miss something like that then, they're probably still missing a lot of things now. Maybe we all are.

That's an intriguing observation. What then did you know before you met your husband nine years ago?

I was just blossoming. I couldn't stand being home, so I left. I knew I wanted much from life—wealth, happiness, sophistication. I wanted to learn more about myself. My mother had a tremendous influence on what I wanted to be. I think I was about 17 and I kept a notebook in a hope chest. I wrote all the things that I saw in my mother that I didn't want in me, hangups mostly. I promised myself I wouldn't have hangups because they really didn't make sense. Maybe that's why domination is so terrific for us—it keeps our relationship on the ball...it's really a high for us. When he gets his lows—and I know it—I can pick him up and when I'm on my lows he can pick me up.

What's your birthdate?

November 6...I'm a Scorpio.

And your husband?

Libra...October 19.

Is that considered a good match astrologically?

Very good.

As I understand it, Scorpios are fighters, very stubborn. I don't sense that to be especially true of you.

I can be, of course, but I'm generally easy going. If someone gets me riled, I get it out of my system like that...then and there.

People write you...you get lots of mail. Amen.

How do you know which among these people would be acceptable as friends? You have to sense it. Sometimes, you get a letter written in pencil and the guy is raving about how he wants to do

"...manly, tough macho types are the all-time pussycats...eventually, he's right down there where he wants to be—groveling at some woman's feet."

"I think I would force her into a bi scene if I were really turned on to her."

this and that and you just toss it away because it isn't what I'm interested in. One guy wrote me something silly in pencil once and I answered him in crayon.

We have the same reaction. We think people should try a little harder to present themselves in a better way.

One of the biggest problems is that we are very turned on to submissive chicks. Some letters we get just make us go bananas at first. You say, Oh God!...a beautiful lady and all. And the letter is just perfect you think and then you just fall into the gutter with them. You say, "Here I Am!"—you're very vulnerable and it turns out that...it's a guy.

Well, if you had a submissive chick—and you say you like them—what would you do with her?

Name it. And it can last anywhere from a half-hour to 2-3 days. Really. And there'll be bondage, discipline, maybe even heavier.

More specifically though. Say someone knocked on the door...right now. And you opened it and there stood a wondrous-looking girl and she told you she was submissive and you could do with her as you pleased. What would happen?

Her clothes would be off at about the same time she finished that speech. I think I would force her into a bi scene if I were really turned on to her.

Force her? How?

Many people require that bondage equipment be around. It isn't necessary for me because I'm dominant enough without it. I like it though because it adds variety.

Physical pain is what some people want in the first place. What it gets down to is that you just have to know what you're doing if you're the one who is doing the dishing out.

What if she resisted you at that point?

I would wrestle her. Besides, there isn't any what to do if—she would resist, it's part of what she wants...to be dominated, but by someone who is capable of dominating her and can prove it and that I can do. If she got truly frightened and changed her mind, honestly wanted out, I would stop,



party would be over, everyone would say bye-bye. Of course, she wouldn't be frightened; we would never put her in a position where she thought she might get hurt. You know, one of the biggest complaints from men is that their ladies keep asking, "Am I hurting you?...Is this too much?" Of course, that turns the whole thing off. They'll know without asking if they're hurting the other person or going too far. And so would I if I was involved. If there is some chance of permanent damage, I'll either loosen the ropes or ease off of what I'm doing. But, you have to remember that physical pain is what some people want in the first place. What it gets down to is that you just have to know what you're doing if you're the one who is doing the dishing out.

Do some of your friends...some of the men you know...do they want truly excruciating pain?

Yes.

And you'll deliver it?

Yes.

How?

Anyway they want it. Or in any way that it takes. We have a friend who works in law—his wife won't get into this—who is responsible for other people going to jail, losing their freedoms. The only way he is able to live with this is to get a beating beforehand; he has to have the hell whipped right out of him. After that, he can handle anything.

Does it bother you to administer a brutal beating?

Not at all. After I get to know about someone, find out what he or she really needs, I have no hangups. I'll give every inch of whatever is wanted. And if some of these people don't get exactly that, they become a mess mentally.

Do some people ejaculate during this?

Sometimes, but not always.

What if he doesn't...I mean while he's with you?

Then he'll probably do it afterward, when he's by himself.

Those who don't, during the act. Are they attempting to, but failing?

No, I think usually he holds back on purpose. Because if he doesn't, it's all over for then. There is something also very interesting in that connection. The longer he can keep from ejaculating as you call it, the more marks he'll have since the beating will naturally take longer. And he wants to actually look in the mirror afterwards, for as many days as he can, and see those marks. Once they're gone, it really is all over. If it goes away in a day, he is disappointed. They want to see those marks for as long as possible because it's like a photograph of all that pleasure which makes just seeing the marks a pleasure too.

Do you believe what someone tells you? If someone comes to you and says, "Look, I want to be humiliated, but I don't want it to hurt."

They don't do that. They don't say anything. They want me to know what they want as though it's my idea and not theirs. It's no good otherwise.

But what if you wind up doing something that he doesn't want or like.

You have to be sensitive or even psychic. There are tell-tale signs. People aren't all that hard to figure out. Sometimes without even being aware of it, they drop things that let you know. I've never missed yet. I don't think I ever will.

There is more to your lives than just this, isn't there?

You sound like you're about to go off in another direction and I want to stay where we are a moment.

Okay.

So far, all we've talked about is pain. There is more to all this than pain. There are forms of B&D that do not involve pain at all—humiliation, transvestism, certain forms of bondage. We've been talking about S&M, and there is that whole other area known as B&D.

Yes, but you seem more inclined to S&M.

Sometimes that's where my head is, but sometimes I prefer B&D or making love without any trimmings. I think I like just about everything, provided I like the person I'm doing it with.

Would you allow someone to tie you up?

That really isn't where I'm at. What I really am is dominant.

How many people have you known sexually?

Thousands

Thousands?

Thousands.



Right.

Something else I want to say. Some people get the impression that this is all there is to me and it isn't. I am not a mean person by nature nor am I someone who enjoys hurting someone else. I consider what I do to be love, not meanness. I am giving people what they want. Nothing mean in that.

Is there anyone who needs this on, say, a weekly basis?

Just about everybody. A daily basis would probably be ideal for most. But mood, frame of mind, does work into it. There might be this terrifically aggressive business executive, on top of everything, very powerful, very strong, who carries his business functions well. He goes home and his little lady is sitting there knitting socks, taking care of the children and griping that this kid or that one needs a talking-to or whatever and the man says, "Hey, wait a minute...I dominated the whole crew at the office today. I need to take a break; I need someone to take care of me." Now, if he doesn't have anyone there to do that for him, he eventually is going to start falling apart. Women today have such a hard time taking the initiative. I've met people for whom psychiatry hasn't worked and what we

did together did work and then they wind up having guilt feelings about that. You tell them that what we did worked, didn't it, and your only hangup is having done it. As long as you feel better, do it!

I won't ask you names, but you must hear from some very powerful individuals—actors, politicians, social figures, athletes. Tell me this, of the categories I named, which one does spawn the most responses to what you do?

Well, they all figure in there pretty good. I think the athlete less than the movie star, because he gets banged up



pretty good in his line of work, whereas the movie star who might want secretly to be hurt has every little thing done for him and winds up never getting hurt, never getting what he really wants.

How do you find out such things?

From people, from the life I lead. And from my husband. He has been into B&D for as far back as he can remember.

Had he seen pictures of it as a child?

I suppose there was some external stimuli, something he saw or read. He really did have an imagination though. He remembers fantasizing when he was only 4 years old. It has developed so much through all the years that it's now the main thing in his life.

When he first told you these things about himself, were you surprised, horrified, put off, what?

That's interesting and there is a cute story to it. I was working for him and going to college at the same time. He would mail me pictures—people being spanked, girls wearing garter belts, things like that. It would always show up without any indication of who the sender was. I found the pictures interesting. And he had no idea that I knew he was the person sending all of this to me.

How did you let him know that you knew he was the one?

He is a very open person and I was comfortable letting him know that I knew. He admitted it. It was fun for both of us.

Has your preoccupation with sex cost you any friends?

People we thought were friends, yes. Some were jealous. Some wanted more than we were prepared to give. Some thought we were doing really bad things, stuff we wouldn't dream of doing.

Tell me about the equipment you own.

Whips, riding crops, chains, paddles, handcuffs, branding irons, straps.

Where do you keep it all?

At home. Where do you keep yours?

Touche. I take it you do not have children.

We are both sterile by choice.

Do you think most people have sexual eccentricities?

I do. A lot is going on in a man's head when he is making love. You can bet he is fantasizing about something. His body is enjoying hers—that feels good—but part of his mind is off somewhere and so is part of hers. You know, we actually do help people out in their relationships, especially husbands and wives. Louie and I have a beautiful relationship and it's because we are so totally honest about what we want of each other. We sometimes manage to get other marrieds to reveal more of themselves to each other, and, when that happens, they upgrade their marriages and their sex lives like a flash. We have had people tell us that we were responsible for the improvement in their relationships. The problem for us sometimes is that a dependency sets in—we are turned into baby sitters and that gets old quick. We don't mind giving folks a shove in the right direction, but we don't want to have to be on call for the rest of our lives.

That would seem like a natural consequence.

"...it's part of what she wants...to be dominated, but by someone capable of dominating her and can prove it and that I can do."

"There is more to all this than pain. There are forms of B&D that do not involve pain at all—humiliation, transvestism, certain forms of bondage."

Louie and I love to swing and we love to go to swinger's parties, but we are well-known and always expected to be "on." That's isn't why we went...we went because we wanted to find someone for ourselves and have a good time and relax. But people do recognize us. Maybe some dude has had too much to drink and starts chasing me around and becomes a general pain. That happens a lot and it always spoils it for us.

What do you do with those kinds of guys?

Best way to get rid of him is ignore him—just not give him the attention he wants. Eventually, he'll start feeling foolish and bug off. Some people think I'm just theirs and that is a really big problem for me. It's like they actually believe I'm supposed to pull a whip out of my bag and go bam, bam, where I am, and that's not it at all. When I do that, it's as much for my own pleasure as much as whoever I'm doing it with. I'm not available to every guy who wanders up to me, but a lot of guys aren't able to get that through their heads.

Is there anything in sex that turns you off?

That's interesting—yes and no. It really all depends on the individual. If he or she is righteous and I like them, I probably really enjoy anything we do. But, if the person is dishonest or pushy or demanding, there probably isn't anything I would enjoy doing with him.

They say that holds true of all relationships. You make love to other men and women and your husband makes love to other women. Is there not a danger that one of you might fall in love with some other person?

Never.

Never is a long time.

I could never live with anyone but Louie and he could never live with anyone else.

To get back to basics, what other things do your friends require of you?

Humiliation...

Stop there. Someone wants to be humiliated. What actually takes place.

Any number of things. People are like snowflakes; no two alike. Some have a foot fetish, even women have that. They'll kiss my toes, adore my feet...it's like climaxing for them.

How do you respond to that?

Oh, it feels very good. I enjoy it tremendously.

Is that fairly common?

Yes. Another form of humiliation is water sports—The "Golden Shower."

Do you know what that is?

Yes.

Well, at first, I didn't realize how open it all is, but it is. There are magazines devoted completely to water sports. It's becoming popular, or at least coming out as much as dressing up as a TV. There are a lot of men who have beautiful bodies and would give anything to be women. My husband is like that. I told him if he were a woman, I'd still love him.

Do you prefer women to men or men to women?

It varies with my moods. Depends on what you're asking.

There are times then that you do prefer women.

Oh, yes.

What kind of women excite you?

I like women who are very feminine. She can have pretty eyes, a beautiful body, wonderful hair, but there has to be more to her than just that. There has to be some sense of expressing herself of saying who or what she is. Maybe it's in the eyes. It's certainly in the attitude.

How do you, as a woman, make love to other women?

I think men could learn a lot about making love to women by watching someone like me make love to one. Women know when to touch, what to touch, how to touch, timing, even when not to do certain things.

If you were making love to a woman, how long would it take?

Well, we might have dinner, the three of us, she and I and Louie, probably in a restaurant, and I would start right there. With my eyes, vibrations, my touch.

Would Louie be aware of what's going on.

Yes, it would probably be a fight to see who gets there first.

Would any of these women possibly be unaware of what you were up to.

They would probably be anticipating.

When we lived in Dallas, we'd go down and lay out in the sun for, say, four hours, and we'd pick out a good looking girl and we'd invite her up for a snack or drink and a bottle of wine and then we'd make love to her.

Tell me exactly how you would get it to that point.

It starts out with vibes and I have fairly good instincts and know she wouldn't be with us in the first place if she weren't interested. We'd start out on the bed—kissing, caressing, holding each other close, really feeling each other. It gets very passionate.

Have you made love to women who haven't had women make love to them before?

I've had my share, Honey.

It seems like none of these women would ever want to lose your friendship and interest after that...having enjoyed what you did so much.

That's the sad part of it really. It would be like that were it not for the inevitable insecurity that is going to set in somewhere. The woman will have a boy friend or husband. Believe it or not, even though I may have let the guy make love to me, he will either get jealous of his lady's feelings toward me or his lady will get jealous or, what the hell, everybody will get jealous. It really is awful that something so good has to get screwed up by such craziness. Anyway, it always gets to be a bad scene one way or the other and I don't need it, so I really don't want anybody hanging on me, man or woman.

Do you have any lifelong lovers other than your husband?

No, we have lifelong friends.

Can you be friends with people with whom you are not involved sexually?

Sure.

But sex is so important to you.

Don't get completely carried away. We visit people now who we have swung with in the past and see only to share a movie or a barbeque or a talk with now. After all, after you have had sex with someone, you don't just walk out the door. There was more to both of you than that or there would not have been any sex.

You're a good dresser.

Thank you.

Where do you buy your clothes?

Wherever I happen to be. I own about 150 pairs of shoes. I buy them when I see a pair I like. I don't pay attention to what store it is; I pay attention to what I'm buying. That reminds me of something funny. We were visiting a couple

once, good looking guy, very pretty girl, and she was a super dresser. We got to talking and she said, "Oh, Vickie, don't you have any pretties?" I told her I thought what I was wearing was pretty. She didn't say anything, but I could tell she didn't exactly agree, so things got tense between us. Anyway, we got through the weekend somehow, and, I think it was a couple of weeks later, a package came. Now I don't know if you buy lingerie for your wife, but what does a bra and panties outfit weigh?—all of 2 or 3 ounces? Anyway, I brought the package into the house and five *pounds* of nothing but panties...no two alike, hundreds of panties. I was shocked. If I wore five of them a day, I don't think I would wear them all in a year.

You have completely satisfied all of your sexual needs, you and your husband. I wonder if that's good.

Well, we're always looking for more. I think it's endless.

What is the most dramatic, lengthiest, most involved scene you've ever been part of?

Take forever to answer that question. There was something I did with Louie that was pretty thrilling...a four night, three day endurance scene. I put him in the trunk of the car, and it was the dead of winter—God, was it cold—I was working then, and I would drive downtown and park the car and during my break or anytime I could get away, I'd go out and visit him in the trunk. Of course, the parking lot attendant was going crazy because I would go there maybe five times a day. And I would tease Louie and ridicule him and I'd put my garter belt up underneath and I'd put my foot up and pull up my dress and let him look up there.

I take it he was tied.

Oh, yes, and he was stark naked. He wasn't going anyplace.

Did you let him consummate anything? You were teasing him.

Right. Mind you, he didn't know whether it was night or day...it's dark inside a trunk. I would let him eat half a sandwich a day and you can use your imagination to figure out what I let him drink. I had a girl friend I picked up. We were going to work and I had to slam on the brakes and I knew Louie was rolling around in the trunk and I started laughing and she wondered what I was laughing about—she thought it was about her and I tried to tell her it wasn't. I promised that I would tell her someday, but not then.

She wasn't ready. I was hysterical and she kept thinking that I was laughing at her. A long time later, when we were getting ready to move, I saw her. I went back to lunch—everybody was there, saying goodbye, and this girl took me off to a side. I was leaving and we were walking downstairs. She said, "Vickie, you tell Louie to take good care of himself...in the trunk." That girl...she knew. She really was terrific.

Was Louie having a good time in the trunk?



Yes, he needed it, the jolt. He was going through some enormous changes in business, and lifestyle. His head was there. It took a lot of endurance. On one of those days, I parked on a Dallas carousel—cars getting on and off—but Louie was stuck on it for eight hours. He never knew when he was going to get off. This time we really did push him to somewhere near his limit.

Was Louie ejaculating through all this? He was trying not to.

How come?

Because, as long as he doesn't, it's all very pleasurable, a terrific sexual trip, completely sexual. But a climax would end the ordeal he was having as a sexual thing and bring him back to reality. And the reality in this case is that he is freezing his ass off in the trunk of a car which is parked God only knows where and I'm the only one who knows where he is or can let him out and if anything happens to me...it could be terrifying.

"We sometimes manage to get marrieds to reveal more of themselves to each other, and, when that happens, they upgrade their marriages and their sex lives like a flash."

But, as long as he could remain sexually aroused, then sex would be the reality and that's super.

What happened at night? He's out in that trunk and you're in the house. Doing what?

My vibrator and I would be keeping each other company. Then I'd put on all these clothes, as many as I could pile on. It was so cold—10 degrees—and there he is nude, all huddled up in the trunk of the car, shivering. I'd play with him awhile, then shut the trunk and leave him again.

When did you both know it was time to stop?

Three days. I took him out a trench coat and he hopped out of the trunk and that was it. But he'd really had it. It was about as far as you could take someone. You know, I've tied him up in Las Vegas and left him for hours while I go down and gamble.

When you're down there gambling, are you turned on? Thinking about Louie held captive upstairs in the room? Do you phone him so that he'll hear the ring and know it's you teasing him?

Constantly. We have a little electronic device which works on him if I call. It hooks into the telephone and I can be downtown and call him and it gives him these little charges whenever I have it connected. Sometimes other people call and they haven't the slightest idea of the sweet agony they're putting my Louie through.

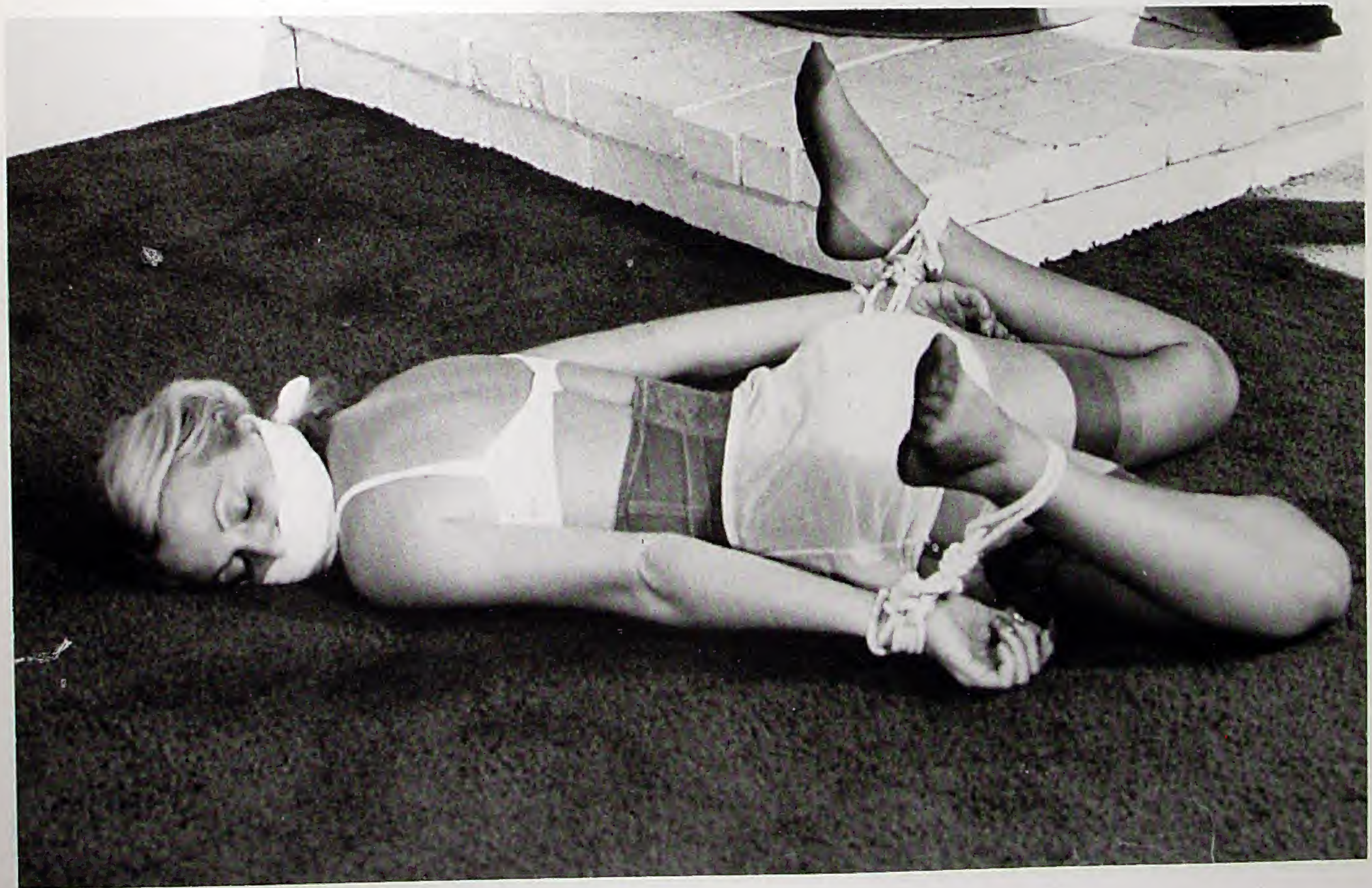
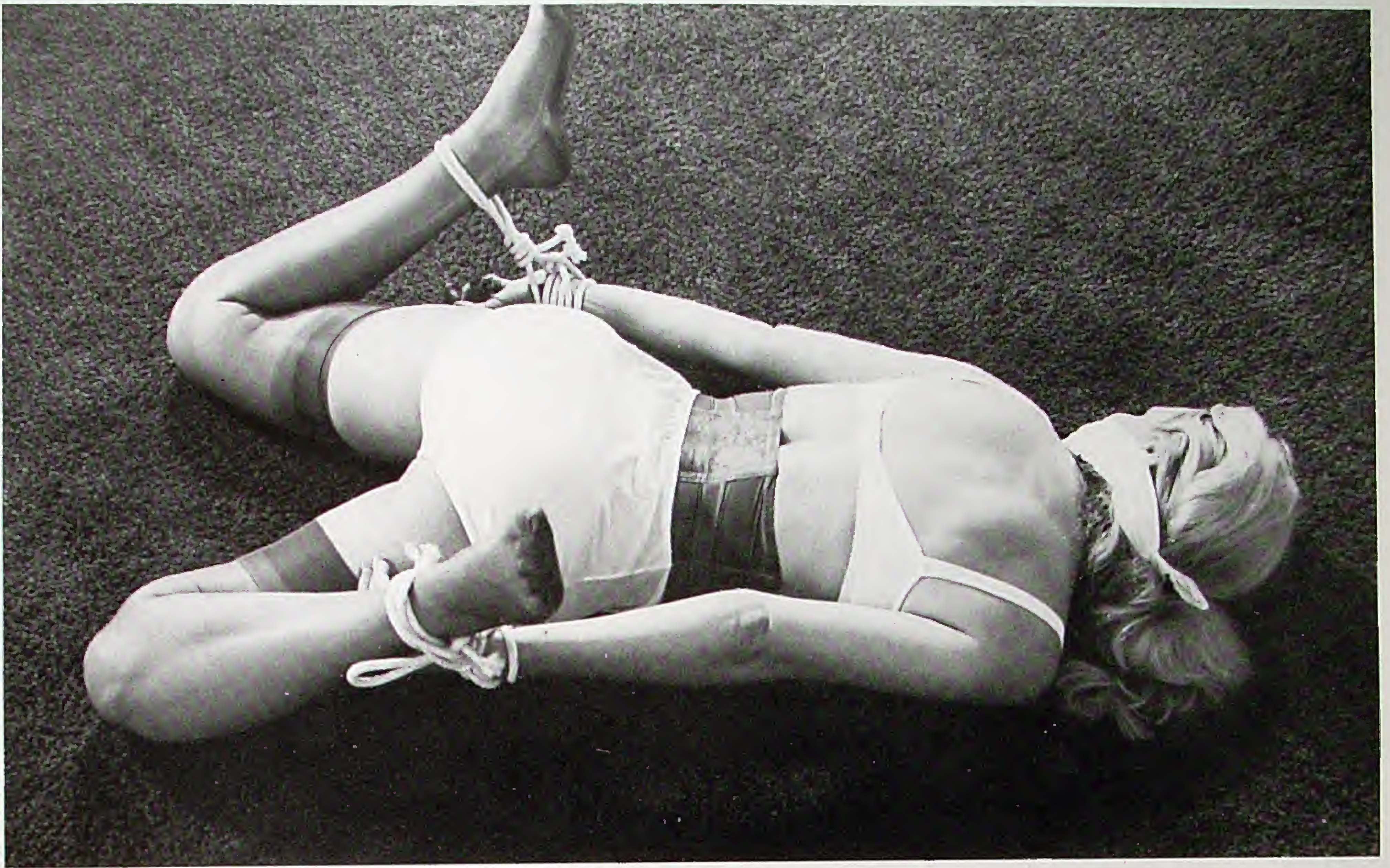
I find it interesting that when I ask you about your most interesting incidents, you mention something that involved only you and your husband instead of two dozen men and women and three jars of salad dressing.

Yes, and that does include one time when there were sixty other couples—120 naked men and women—all making love at the same time. □



HERE LIES EMMA

What you have here, lying like a sack of flour on your living room floor, is none other than the ol' Mistress of Kidnap herself, Emma String. She didn't like being forced to wear virginal white underwear for these shots, since the symbolism for her is absurd. And she wasn't too crazy about being gagged and trussed, but that's her problem. Frankly, we enjoy seeing her this way. What we'd enjoy more is sitting back and seeing what you would do with her with about another 100 feet of rope. If you get a chance, drop a line and tell us just how you would have wound up winding her up.





Bondage Life Presents

Beauties In A Bind

Chapter 3



Bondage Wife: Ah ha!...Looking for something?
That's my jewelry...you sneak!
*Bondage Waif: Oooh...no...I was
...I...ouch!!...ow!*

ONE KARATE CHOP LATER!



Hmmm...nice looking kid...wonder why she needed to steal? Well the police would just turn her loose....maybe I can teach her a lesson!!....First the hands...



Oh darn!!...what have I got into...my arms...elbows hurt...and why the gag?? Can't have you screaming and attracting attention...Soooo...a nice gag...but tight...tight!! There!...



Wow!...she didn't have to make the ropes this tight...I can't even twitch.. What's that she's getting? Oh my God!! No...no...nooooo...a buggy whip!!...Oh, sob...sob...someone please...help...



Sniffle...Oh, thank goodness...I'll never get into this kind of mess again!!...Oh, I'm on fire...I hurt everywhere...Sob...Sniffle...



*Sob...Oh, what now? Let me talk and I'll promise you anything...Oh...sorry...sorry...
I think a few hours in a very restraining position
Will shape you up!!*



LATER

*Oh, I'll never make it!!
You've only got to hold this position one more hour...without sound or movement...and then we'll discuss your future training and servitude...Hmmmm...*

**MORAL: BE A
GOOD GIRL, AND
THIS WON'T
HAPPEN TO
YOU...OR WILL
IT???**

LIKE AN OLD MOVIE SERIAL

If you like this grouping of the distressed Jennifer West outfitted like an old-time film serial heroine, you can find more of the same in Harmony's "The Jennifer West Bondage Photo Book," available now.





Books by John Norman: "Tarnsman of Gor," 1966; "Outlaw of Gor," 1967; "Priest-Kings of Gor," 1968; "Nomads of Gor," 1969; "Assassin of Gor," 1970; "Raiders of Gor," 1971, "Captive of Gor," 1972, all copyright by Ballantine Books, Inc., 201 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. "Hunters of Gor," 1974; "Marauders of Gor," 1975; "Tribesmen of Gor," 1976, "Slave Girl of Gor," 1977; "Beasts of Gor," 1978; "Time Slave," 1975; "Imaginative Sex," 1974, copyright by Daw Books, Inc., 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

BINDINGS OF GOR

or bondage most literate

By Carl McGuire

There is a land where lizardlike creatures prowl as giant hawklike birds wheel in the two-mooned sky; where warriors wield sword and spear, where matters of honor are decided by physical combat; where armies or nomads sweep across the plains, laying siege to great cities.

And where every beautiful woman is considered a prize, a conquest, an object of capture, and every warrior knows the use of rope, leash, gag, and hood as well as he knows his weaponry.

The land is Gor, the planet known as Counter-Earth. It is the creation of a writer called John Norman, who, over the space of 12 novels, has created a world as vivid as anything in the writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs or H. G. Wells. He has peopled it with heroes and villains, slave girls and temptresses, emperors and assassins. Onto a backdrop of forest, desert, mountain, sea, he has drawn great cities and remote villages, sprawling bazaars and crowded taverns—a pungent, colorful, exciting world where a new adventure awaits at every turn.

But most important, it is a world where the theme of bondage pervades to a degree unparalleled in most fiction. Bondage runs through every volume of the Chronicles of Gor—sometimes explicit, sometimes only hinted at, but always there.

I discovered this strange new world while book-browsing a few years ago. I had noticed the Gor novels for some time, without much interest, tucked away among the science-fiction titles. On this particular day, however, a new one caught my eye. The book was "Hunters of Gor" and the cover depicted an amazonic beauty clad in animal skins, her face sullen yet proud; around her neck was an iron collar; from the collar hung a chain, the other end of which was held by a cruel-looking man. Leafing through the pages, I quickly came upon this passage:

I first saw the girl, stumbling. She was already

stripped. Her hands were tied behind her back. Something, pushing her from behind, had been fastened on her neck. Behind her came a flat-topped wagon, of some four feet in height. It was moved by eight tunicked, collared slave girls, two to each wheel, pushing at the wheels...

A pole extended from the front of the wagon, some eight or nine feet. There was, at its termination, a semicircular leather cushion, with a short chain. The girl's neck had been forced back against the cushion, and then the chain had been fastened, securing her, standing in place. As the wagon moved forward, she was, thus, forced to walk before it.

That was the first clue, and subsequent looks at other books in the series confirmed that initial impression: Norman writes too well, too lovingly, on the subject of bondage for it to be just another plot device. He is, as Conrad said of Lord Jim, one of us.

Nowhere else in conventional fiction, I'd wager, is his constant theme—capturing, tying, rendering helpless—so pervasive. Norman's women, it seems, are forever being chased, caught, and bound, often with sex as the immediate object of the captor; in the process, they are subjected to innumerable variations of the theme of captivity. In almost any of the Gor novels, one can find beautiful prisoners stripped, chained, caged, tied, put on display, sold at auction. They are slave girls (one of Norman's favorite terms, a mainstay of the Gorean language) with a vengeance, and the implications are inescapably erotic. In fact, one would have to go to out-and-out pornography to find any other case in which female slavery is treated so lingeringly.

But—and this is what makes the Gorean experience such a jolt to the first-time reader—Norman's books come disguised as something very ordinary, the fantasy adventures that fill paperback shelves everywhere. It's not until one starts reading him that his strongly fetishist orientation comes through. And this element of disguise is what really makes the Gorean

adventures so significant: They are the only series of explicitly bondage-oriented novels being sold outside the adult bookstores. It's some of the most entertaining kinkiness around, and it's right there in the corner drugstore next to the latest Gothic romance.

On the surface, the Gorean novels fit the sci-fi fantasy-adventure mold very comfortably. Norman has been strongly influenced by other writers of the genre, notably Burroughs, whose Martian novels could have provided a particular novel for Gor—the strange world with its wild landscapes and exotic creatures, armies in conflict, brave fighting men and beautiful princesses. And, to lend color to descriptions of their worlds, both writers devised a language to express them. Norman's own vocabulary of the Gorean language holds many words—tharlarion, tarn, ka-la-na, kajira—that, with repetition, come to be applied as easily as English. Also, Norman's hero, Tarl Cabot, the young British scholar who finds himself suddenly on an alien world bears more than passing resemblance to Burroughs' John Carter, the Virginia aristocrat who awakes one day on the planet Barsoom.

Under the surface lurks something quite beyond the standard paperback adventure—Norman's perception, and depiction, of the male-female relationship. The male as conqueror, the woman as prize. There is very little room on Gor for social niceties between the sexes. A beautiful woman is not to be wooed but to be taken. To those who would say that society does not work that way, Norman would reply that it does in the world he has created; and he would add—does, in fact, and at great length—that our society would be much healthier if the male-female thing could be reduced to such an essential as it is on Gor.

Norman's world, for all its physical and cultural complexities, is simplicity itself when it comes to matters of sex. Men, their loops of binding fiber at their belts, are the masters, women are their slaves. Time and again, the author compares uptight Earth with his version of paradise, a world where women, sooner or later, learn their place in the ritual of capture and submission that Gorean men and women seem to be acting out constantly. If there is one overriding symbol of Gor, it is a beautiful woman, kneeling, her head lowered, her arms lifted and extended, her wrists crossed—for binding. There is hardly a single female character in all the Gor novels who does not find herself, at one time or another, in this pose, with the ritual words—"I submit myself"—on her lips.

The author has his faults, among them repetitive overwriting. When Norman happens upon a thought he particularly likes, the reader can count on its recurring more than once in the same book, and countless times over the life of the series. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the philosophical treatises on the battle of the sexes that he occasionally puts into his characters' mouths. Women are lovely creatures, he writes, but they are meant to be dominated; and only in their domination by the male of the species can they find happiness. A woman who challenges man on his own terms sins against nature; she who rejoices in her femaleness is a thing to be cherished. But let the author himself tell it, as expressed by the female narrator of "Slave Girl of Gor":

...how exciting it must be for a man to own so delicious a creature as a woman; how utterly marvelous for him! It is more difficult to speak of women. In my heart, I know, there lies a slave girl,

once denied, then secretly feared, now openly and joyously recognized, who longs for a master. I do not know if this is true for other women or not. Let them look into their own secret hearts.

The first time around, this kind of analysis can be intriguing; on the 20th, it's stultifying.

Even in the case of physical detail, something Norman does very well, he will occasionally belabor a point to death. Writing about the art of flying the tarn, the great predator birds of Gor, Norman is fascinating. But after 1,700 uninterrupted words on the qualities of Gorean sea vessels, in "Raiders of Gor," he is soporific.

His characters speak in old-world cadences that befit the tone of his books, but this tendency can lead him astray, especially with his women. He seems to be particularly at a loss with female dialogue. When they are not using the same slightly stilted speech that his men use (he has one earth girl in her early 20s saying things like, "Affluent and beautiful, I carried myself with a flair" and "Following my graduation I took up my own residence, in a penthouse on Park Avenue"), they seem to lapse into simpering or melodrama, as witness this exchange from "Slave Girl of Gor":

"You are extremely intelligent," he said, adding, "for a woman, and a slave."

"Thank you, Master," I said. What a beast he was. And yet I sensed that my intelligence was indeed far less than his, and that most of the Gorean men I had met. Gorean males are unusual in their strength, energy and intelligence.

Sometimes this angered me. Sometimes it pleased me....

"Forgive me, Master," I said, barely able to speak, "but any woman who is a slave truly understands her slavery."

"Is this true?" he asked.

"In the belly of her," I said, "any woman who is slave knows her slavery. It has naught to do with intelligence, but only with being a slave and a woman. It is an indescribable, helpless feeling in the belly of us, being owned. One need not be intelligent to have this emotion, nor to respond, nor to feel."...

"It is pleasant to own a beautiful Earth woman such as you," he said.

"Yes, Master," I said.

"To whom do you belong?" he asked.

"Yo you! To you, Master!" I said.

"But you are of Earth," he said. "How can you belong to a man?"

"I belong to you, to you, Master!" I said.

His female characters disappoint in another way. They are too weak, too malleable to be worthy adversaries for the men who conquer them. In his eagerness to sell his philosophy of female subservience, Norman is fearful of allowing even one woman to remain strong throughout, to resent her captivity, to fight it. All of the women on Gor, no matter how arrogant they might be at the outset, start to cave in when the slave collar is locked about the neck, whimpering for their master's attention. Noblewomen, huntresses, even queens find to their great surprise—although not to the reader's—that they are all slave girls under the skin, and rejoice in their captivity. For that reason, all the women in his books ultimately merge into one.

But enough of his faults. When writing about action, com-



bat, physical events, Norman is hard to beat. This passage from "Outlaw of Gor," for example, as Cabot encounters the mount that once carried him into battle:

The tarn opened its beak and the belts that bound it loosely flew asunder. It shook its head, as if to throw water from its feathers and the leather hood was thrown far into the air and behind the bird. Now it spreads its wings and smote the air, and lifted its beak and uttered the terrifying challenge scream of its kind. Its black crest, now unconfined by the hood, sprang erect with a sound like fire, and the wind seemed to lift and preen each feather.

I found him beautiful.

I knew that I gazed upon one of the great and terrible predators of Gor.

But I found him beautiful...

Regardless of the danger I ran to the bird. I leaped to the heavy wooden platform on which it stood. I flung my arms around its neck, weeping. The great beak questioningly touched me. There could be no emotion, of course, in such a beast. Yet as its great round eyes regarded me I wondered what thoughts might course through its avian brain. I wondered if it too recalled the thunder of the wind, the clash of arms as tarnsmen dueled in flight, the sight of Gor's tarn cavalries wheeling in formation to the beat of the tarn drums, or the long, steady, lonely soaring flights we had known together over the green fields of Gor...

...Gently the great bird thrust its beak beneath my arm.

I knew that the warriors of Tharna would have to kill two of us, for the tarn would defend me to the death.

And, first and last, there is the bondage. Women stalked in the forest, caught and tied to the limbs of trees. Slave girls staked out under the twin moons of Gor. Noblewomen, abducted by tarnsmen from the highest bridges between Ko-ro-ba's towers, bound and hooded and hauled aloft. Princesses displayed on the Plain of Stakes, a prize for the bravest fighters. Women of the enemy captured in battle, tied to the prow of returning warships. The list is endless.

And there is Norman's fascination with the detail of bondage—the slave hood, for example, in this passage from

"Slave Girl of Gor":

I felt my hands being tied behind my back. The wadding of the gag of the slave hood was rolled and thrust deep in my mouth. The gag straps were drawn back, deeply, between my teeth; I winced; then, behind the back of my neck, they were cinched, tightly....

The slave hood was pulled up, and opened, and then pulled down and over my head; it was folded and tucked under the chin, taking up its slack, and the leather belt, looped twice about my neck, was drawn through its loops, tightened and buckled shut.

Or the use of a new kind of gag, as found in "Outlaw of Gor":

At the sight of the glowing metal, the girl uncontrollably screamed, pulling at the slave bracelets, at the shackles that held her to the tree.

The heavy-set man thrust the iron back into the brazier.

"She's a loud one," he said, shamefacedly. Then, with a shrug in my direction, as if to ask my pardon, he went to the girl and took a handful of her long hair. He wadded it into a small, tight ball and suddenly shoved it in her mouth. It immediately expanded, and before she could spit the hair out, he had looped more of her hair about her head and tied it, in such a way as to keep the expanded ball of hair in her mouth. The girl choked silently, trying to spit the ball of hair from her mouth, but of course she could not. It was an old slaver's trick.

Or his description of such things as the pleasure rack, or slave bracelets, or a chain arrangement known as the sirik. Surely no one has devoted more attention to the trappings of bondage.

Norman's one venture into nonfiction, "Imaginative Sex," consists of scenarios for various kinds of fantasy sex-play, and many of them, with titles such as "The Kidnap Fantasy" and "The Captured-by-Pirates Fantasy," could have been lifted almost intact from the Gor novels. His one bit of fiction outside the series, a novel called "Time Slave," contains much of his worst writing and none of his best.

Gor was born in 1966 with the publication of "Tarnsman of Gor," a fairly straightforward adventure. Every year since then, Norman has introduced a new volume to the chornicles and added another layer of experience to that strange place—and, as standards of censorship have loosened, he has become a little bolder and more explicit with each book. Today, with Volume 12, "Beasts of Gor," in print and a new volume expected soon, Gor has developed into a world of richness and excitement and escape, almost an adult equivalent to Tolkein's Middle Earth.

For all its color, the planet Gor has a basic simplicity to it. It is a world of order, where society is structured according to castes—warriors, scribes, tradesmen, and other—where trivialities have no place, where honor is all-important, where beauty is admired, where danger is relished.

And it is a world where that curious practice of binding the female form is given a degree of attention unprecedented in conventional fiction. How many have discovered the true nature of John Norman's fiction as I did, idly browsing in a bookstore? And how many have yet to discover him?

What he writes, finally, is not adventure, it is erotica. Dealing with a subject that many people consider a negation of

women, he finds it uplifting for both sexes. When Tarl Cabot flies off with his bride at the close of Volume I, the author sets a tone that he will maintain, and intensify, through every adventure to come on that place called Gor:

She laughed as I swept her from her feet and lifted her to the saddle of my giant tarn. In the saddle, her arms were around my neck, her lips on mine. "Are you a true warrior?" she asked, her eyes bright with mischief, testing me, her voice breathless.

"We shall see," I laughed.

Then, in accord with the rude bridal customs of Gor, as she furiously but playfully struggled, as she squirmed and protested and pretended to re-

sist, I bound her bodily across the saddle of the tarn. Her wrists and ankles were secured, and she lay before me, arched over the saddle, helpless, a captive, but of love and her own free will. The warriors laughed, Marlenus the loudest. "It seems I belong to you, bold Tarmsman," she said. "What are you going to do with me?" In answer, I hauled on the one-strap, and the great bird rose into the air, higher and higher, even into the clouds, and she cried to me, "Let it be now, Tarl," and even before we had passed the outermost ramparts of Ar, I had untied her ankles and flung her single garment to the street below, to show her people what had been the fate of the daughter of their Ubar.

THE GIRL-CAPTURE GAME

"Nomads of Gor" may be John Norman's best novel. In addition to a thumping good story and a cast of memorable characters, it contains scenes such as the following, which describes one of the games played by the nomads of the plains. A girl is ordered to run toward a lance standing 400 yards away, and a rider on a beast called a kaiila chases her, his object being "to effect her capture, secure her and return her, in as little time as possible, to the circle of the whip."

Kamchak gestured and Tuka, barefoot, frightened, stepped into the circle.

Conrad freed his bola from the saddle strap. He held in his teeth a boskhide thong, about a yard in length. The saddle of the Kaiila, like the tarn saddle, is made in such a way as to accommodate, bound across it, a female captive, rings being fixed on both sides through which binding fiber or thong may be passed. On the other hand, I knew, in this sport no time would be taken for such matter; in a few heartbeats of the kaiila the girl's wrists and ankles would be lashed together and she would be, without ceremony, slung across the pommel of the saddle, it the stake, her body the ring.

"Run," said Conrad quietly.

Tuka sped from the circle. The crowd began to cry out, to cheer, urging her on. Conrad, the thong in his teeth, the bola quiet at his side, watched her. She would receive a start of fifteen beats of the great heart of the kaiila, after which she would be about half way to the lance.

The judge, aloud, was counting.

At the count of ten Conrad began to slowly spin the bola. It would not reach its maximum rate of revolution until he was in full gallop, almost on the quarry.

At the count of fifteen, making no sound, not wanting to warn the girl, Conrad spurred the Kaiila in pursuit, bola swinging.

The crowd strained to see.

The judge had begun to count again, starting with one, the second counting, which would determine the rider's time.

The girl was fast.... She must have been counting to herself because only an instant or so after Conrad had spurred after her she looked over her shoulder, seeing him approaching. She must then have counted about three beats to herself, and then she began to break her running pattern, moving to one side and the other, making it difficult to approach her swiftly.

"She runs well," said Kamchak.

Indeed she did, but in an instant I saw the leather flash of the bola, with its vicious, beautiful almost ten-foot sweep, streak toward the girl's ankles, and I saw her fall.

It was scarcely ten beats and Conrad had bound the struggling, scratching Tuka, slung her about the pommel, raced back, kaiila squealing, and threw the girl, wrists tied to her ankles, to the turf inside the circle of the boskhide whip.

"Thirty," said the judge.

Conrad grinned.

Tuka, as best she could, squirmed in the bonds, fighting them. Could she free a hand or foot, or even loosen the thong, Conrad would be disqualified.

After a moment or two, the judge said, "Stop," and Tuka obediently lay quiet. The judge inspected the thongs. "The wench is secured," he announced.

In terror Tuka looked up at Kamchak, mounted on his kaiila.

"You ran well," he told her.

She closed her eyes, almost fainting with relief.

She would live.



STRUNG-UP STRING

Emma String gets a dose of her own medicine by vindictive Annie Harris and Jennifer West, both of whom have been bound and gagged and humiliated by Emma more times than they can count. As you can see, our heroines are beginning to get the hand of it, as witness this new hangup they've whipped up for Emma.









THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

TIELINES

By John North

Feedback to the "At The Villa Rosa" feature we did in *Bondage Life* 3 was surprisingly meager—there was plenty of response, but none taking the matter beyond. Our hope was that someone out there might have had additional facts at hand about either Mason or Willie, thus adding to our knowledge of bondage lore...A load of publicity attended the recent opening of a Beverly Hills fashion store, none of which paid printed heed to the store's sign which showed the lower half of a female face with what appeared to be a gag between her teeth. It was in that lovely space that the store's name was printed...We think it is time to ease up on the Klaw magazines in their present format and replace them with a less expensive series of booklets reprising the master's work...How come no one ever mentions the great "Artists & Models" bondage scene? It was a lulu, way ahead of its time for a 1955 movie, as beautiful Eva Gabor supervises the binding and gagging of a briefly attired Shirley MacLaine. After Gabor and her henchmen head off, we are left to watch Shirley topple over her chair and wiggle her way to the door. It was a truly satisfying bondage scene...Paula Klaw hopes you've all noticed that she's dug out some old Betty Page panties-and-bra pinup film, non-bondage, with which to round out your Page memorabilia...We think we scored a double-coup when we signed on John Savage and Cheryl Rothman to the Harmony team. We've had all kinds of letters asking us to get Savage back into action since most people feel he is the best bondage photographer of contemporary times. And Rothman is considered the most outstanding bondage model in the world, so we're beginning to feel like we've assembled the best bondage team there is...We once gave



out the good news that former Irving Klaw amateur contributor Dell Hunter is well and hale and we can now sustain the cheer by telling you the very same is true of Jane and Patty Neal, the sisters whose amateur bondage photos sold by the thousands through Klaw's mail order service...Remember Eric Stanton's reference during our interview to a long-ago movie bondage scene which he felt affected him? We caught it completely by accident not long ago on daytime television. The movie was "The Good Humor Man," a charming and very funny vintage film in which Jack Carson and gorgeous Lola Albright truss up beautiful bad-girl Jean Wallace. While Carson is scuffling with the male heavy, Albright is giving it good to Wallace, the blonde villainess who is fetchingly dressed in a full-length black lace nightgown and heels. Breathtaking Lola unceremoniously dumps Wallace face-down onto a couch, sits astride her and ties her hands behind her back with a towel. Coming over to help, Carson gets a kick in the shin for his trouble, so he ties the two ankles together with a lamp cord. How's that for re-depicting that favorite scene of yours, Eric? You're welcome. Incidentally, years later, appearing as Guinevere opposite real-life husband Cornel Wilde in "Sword of Lancelot,"

Wallace got the treatment again, this time tied to a stake for burning. Just like in the book, Lancelot showed up in the nick of time. We thank film buff Carl McGuire for that latter bit of cinema history and the following tidbit too. As McGuire writes it, "Over the years, the Steve Canyon comic strip has given us more bondage situations than just about anything on the comic page. And now, the tempo seems to be picking up. In one situation not long ago, Steve's ward Poteet is waylaid by a couple of creeps in Hawaii. Trussing and gagging her in the back seat of a car, they take her out to woods—'Our guest will want to get into something more comfortable,' one of them chortles—when they begin stripping her. Rescue appears just in time, BUT—less than three weeks later, the poor dear runs afoul of the same two goons, who plan this time to use her as a hostage during a dope heist. Do they do the same rope number again? Need you ask? As one of them puts it, 'Welcome back to your old gag and tie-up' "...One you didn't mention from the Canyon strip, Carl, which you may have missed, ran during the summer of 1971 and certainly smacked of more than mere storyline coincidence. That time, hero and heroine spent several Sunday comics worth of being tightly bound face to face, head to toe. How would you like to spend a couple of Sundays like that with your favorite dream girl?...If the pilot show of "The Daughters of Joshua Cabe" ever shows up in your area, don't miss it—there is an absolutely super bondage scene early on in which all three pretty daughters are beautifully bound and gagged. Oh, we almost forgot—you can see how Jane Fonda looks gagged in "Comes a Horseman." As the movie bears down to its climactic moments,

Jane is bound inside a closet with a checkered cloth, perhaps a bandana or handkerchief, wrapped around her mouth. The scene appears twice and you get a pretty lingering look at her that way... We were listening to a sports broadcast the other day and heard a phrase we liked. One team started catching up with the other and the announcer said that the team in front was now in jeopardy of being tied. We flashed on the fact that such should be the jeopardy of every beautiful woman on earth... Anyone care to donate any of the old Stanton serials to a good cause. We have a staff member who is interested in acquiring "Marie's Unique Adventure," "Jill, Undercover Girl," "Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum," "Girls Figure Training Academy" and "Sheba, The Slave Girl." As our man says, most of this art has been missing from general circulation for decades. If you have one or more of these, figure out what you want for them and we'll see what we can do. Since we're passing the hat, another important contributor is on the prowl for a copy of "Bishop on Bondage, Number Two." He says he's tried everywhere, but can't locate a copy. So if you happen to have one and care to share, send it to us and we'll send it to him... Did you know that the first new knot in more than 20 years has been invented? It's true. A retired British doctor worked it out. Experts maintain that there are actually only a few ways to tie rope or string into knots that really work. The new one goes like so: overlap the two ends of a single piece of rope; now double the middle to form a loop; push one end through the opposite side of the loop and the other end through the opposite side. Then pull the two ends. We think we'll give the new knot a try the next time we see Jennifer West... Add seldom-if-ever-mentioned video and film bondage scenes: the pilot episode of "That Girl" in which Marlo Thomas spends a fair amount of time in an office building hallway and later in an elevator with her mouth taped. Ditto Deborah Kerr in Gary Cooper's last movie, "The Naked Edge," circa 1957. Then, there's the scene in "Sterile Cuckoo" where a petulant Liza Minelli sticks some tape over her own mouth to bug her boy-friend... Eric Stanton, a good man he, has his *Pleasure Parade* #2 out now for \$15. The publication focuses on female domination with a smattering of bondage. It contains six different cartoon stories by five different artists and



runs 128 pages cover to cover. *Pleasure Parade* #1 came out last year and is 86 pages long and still available for \$15. A new Stanton bulletin is also available for just \$1 to cover postage and handling. The best deal though is to send \$3 for the Stanton catalog, which contains the new bulletin as well... One writer advises us that an early-on artist named "Carlo" corresponded with John Willie and even influenced him. The writer says that "Dolly's Dilemma" was the first actual bondage serial and had a powerful effect on your Willie... For bondage lovers who enjoy music. Check out the cover of Suzi Quatro's "Naked Under Leather" album and you will see shots of a pretty female in leather bondage. On the "Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols" album is a photo of a girl in bondage. Then, there's a miss who has been gagged by a chain on the album cover of Nelson Slater's "Wild Angel." Finally, check out the Buck Owens "A Night on the Town." Shown are the Buckaroos with a number of young ladies who have been roped up (very, very loosely), one of whom has her arms above her head and is gagged... Read on, friend, and enjoy... Sudden thought converted into a sudden question: why was "John Willie" the nom

de plume that J. A. S. Coutts settled on for himself. There must be a reason. If anyone out there knows what it was, give us a holler... Interesting memory without a punchline—in 1955, there was a small newspaper story about how an attractive woman had been forced into a car by two men who "double-gagged" her, as the newspaper put it, and then was driven around Hollywood like that for a couple of hours and released without further incident. The woman reported it to police, observed that both men had been courteous to her and had done nothing more than gag her and drive her around. Wonder what that was all about... In those days, the best source of Irving Klaw bondage material anywhere in Hollywood was a tiny conventional book store near the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard and Genessee. A sign hung above the counter, flanked by a couple of "Nights of Horror" booklets, inviting customers to ask for anything they didn't see. Bear in mind that this was that particularly repressive period when there simply wasn't any bondage material to be found anywhere. In my case, I headed outside and to the nearest phone booth and called the store. After taking the deepest breath I had ever taken up to that moment, I blurted out the question, "Listen, do you have any 'Sweet Gwendoline' or Irving Klaw material there?" knowing full well the guy wouldn't have the slightest idea of what I was asking for. But then I froze as he calmly replied that he had "quite a selection of Klaw material" and why didn't I come down and ask to see what was on hand. I did, he did, and it was terrific that someone had some Klaw photos to sell. I remember also that he said he had a couple of scrapbooks of nothing but bondage photos and stories and newspaper clippings available to him if I was interested, but I regretfully told him I probably couldn't afford them no matter how great they were. He was a nice guy. Wonder what became of him. The book store has been gone for about 20 years now... Trying to figure out my own first impression of bondage, which I think was a movie in the late 1930's or early 1940's with a scene in which the heroine was taped up somehow, head to toe, and left in a display window along with some mannequins. That seemed to be my first remembrance of noting that there was something pleasant about a woman like that. If anyone knows what that movie was, despite my vague description, fill me in... □



Bondage Life's Guide For Buyers

More Merchants of Bondage Soul

One which hits dead center and
three who nibble at the edges.

TAO PRODUCTIONS 7046 Hollywood Boulevard Hollywood, California 90028

One of the giant shopping centers of bondage—lots and lots of bondage movies, bondage magazines, bondage photos and bondage accessories, and all of it top drawer.

At the moment, there are 99 movies featuring bondage and spanking in Tao's vaults. Titles are available in either 8mm color or black and white and run 175 to 200 feet, about 10 minutes of viewing time. Mail order black and white Tao movies sell for \$14 per title, while their color counterparts cost the mail order buyer \$25. Tao has been entertaining the idea of running a close-out sale on its black and white movies in which case there would be sizeable discounts.

Tao's line of magazines include "Best of Bondage," "Bondage Master," "Bondage Movie Review," "Crime & Punishment," "Ropemaster," "Taskmaster" and "Teenagers in Bondage". The magazines are notable for the extremely tight bondage and an ever-changing crop of hung-up heroines.

Tao's photo selection is awesome—200 sets of photos, some in color and some in black and white, each set containing eight 4 x 5 photos. The color sets are \$4.95 each, while the black and white bondage photo sets sell for \$2.95 each. As the Bondage Buyer's Guide recently pointed out, it would take over four hours just to see them all, if you gave each picture just a 10 second look.



Tao has set up an adjunct company, Curtis Dupont, for production and distribution of movies and photos featuring girls wrestling. Since the action is unrehearsed and spontaneous, the movies should satisfy girl wrestling



buffs.

To make yourself known to Tao and to make its services known to you, send \$1 along with a request for catalog information. Tao gives prompt and efficient service.

SKYE PUBLISHING
Box 324
Riverside, Illinois 60546

No damsels in distress photos here—this is the company instead for men whose idea of a better world is one in which dominant females scurry around abusing males and using their panties with the same conquering efficiency that other armies achieve with tanks and sub-machine guns.

Included within the male community is a large number of otherwise rugged and heterosexual men who would battle buzzsaws, but who become helplessly intoxicated by just the sight or feel of a woman's panties. Skye Publishing of Riverside, Illinois, exists just for them—sketching as it does a planetary culture in which women's panties are as much an ultimate weapon as the lazer beam.

So, if your psyche happened to get profiled in the paragraph immediately preceding, run, don't walk, down to the nearest post office and get off a few bucks and a request for information to the folks at Skye, since they have a whole bunch of things you would just love to get your hands on.

First, there are more booklets than you can count, all costing between \$2 and \$3, all lavishly illustrated with better-than-average drawings, all about 34 pages long, and all depicting sensual tales of "Gynosupremacy"—female domination of the male. These stories generally concern beautiful women who wear one pair of panties and use another pair of panties to psychologically or even physically overpower their male quarry, with permanent bondage and degradation as the ultimate end.

Skye also publishes "Dominant Newsletter," using a 4-page mimeographed roundup of information of particular interest to men with a yen for female domination, including personal ads and tips on who's good and who isn't.

Finally, there are Skye's products, a harvest of accessories for males who enjoy being enslaved by females, the most far-out of which is the "Discipline Smother Panty," part of which she wears and another part of which fits onto his head in lovingly tight embrace. For the fussy, the "Discipline Smother Panty" comes in a standard pink nylon brief, although special orders are ac-



cepted. The whole idea of the woman wearing panties which are also built to encase her lover's head establishes it as the fantasy item of a lifetime for some people.

According to Skye, two sewing women make the panties and other similar items for its clientele. Skye's own thoughts about the "Discipline Smother Panties" includes, "...complete immersion in femininity...complete control by a woman...dozens of ways a woman can tease with the male completely at her mercy...custom sewn with heavy seams..."

The "Smother Panty" sells for \$10, or \$15 if coated with latex. Add \$1 for handling. When ordering, give woman's size in inches around hips and the man's collar size in inches.



Hi-Heel Fetishism



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ILLUSTRATED**
Price \$2.00

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Price \$4.00

FINE CRAFT

Box 442

Hollywood, California 90028

A company for those who think bondage is better when the bondee has on custom high heels, a tightly-laced corset, special stockings and panty hose.

Beyond that, Fine Craft also offers its customers a generous selection of magazines, films and photos featuring models wearing corsets and high heels.

The company is thirty years old and leaves bondage, *per se*, to others, homing instead on males who want special clothing either for their sweethearts or selves as a supplement to bondage.

Accordingly, Fine Craft also offers a line of books for transvestite readers, all well illustrated for \$5 each or six for \$25. Typical of the available titles are "In Petticoats," "Diary of a TV," "Budding TV," "TV in Paris," "Poor Boy-Girl" and "TV Nurse."

To that, you can add "Drag," "Drag Queens," "Dressed," "Kinky" and "Impersonators and Transsexual Scrapbook," all priced between \$4 and \$5.

Footwear magazines cost \$4 each and include "High Heels," "Bitches 'n Boots," "Boots & Leather" and others.

As for film, Fine Craft offers skyscraper high heel movies in 200 foot 8mm reels for \$14, and some 50 foot 8mm reels of high heels and corsets for \$4 each.

Fine Craft's photo sets include eight 4 x 5 glossy black and white high heels or corset pictures and cost \$3 per set, with discounts for quantity orders.

Interested buyers should send \$3 for the company's catalog on shoes, corsets and dresses and its price list for a more specific fix on exactly what Fine Craft does offer.



WENDY
Box 85111
Los Angeles, CA 90072

Wendy is a veteran West Coast mail-order firm offering a good line of magazines, photos and movies about bondage, spanking, domination, rubber and leatherwear and female fighting.

Its glossily-produced spanking magazines sell for only \$3.50 each and are superb. Titles include "Sting," "Command" and "Crack."

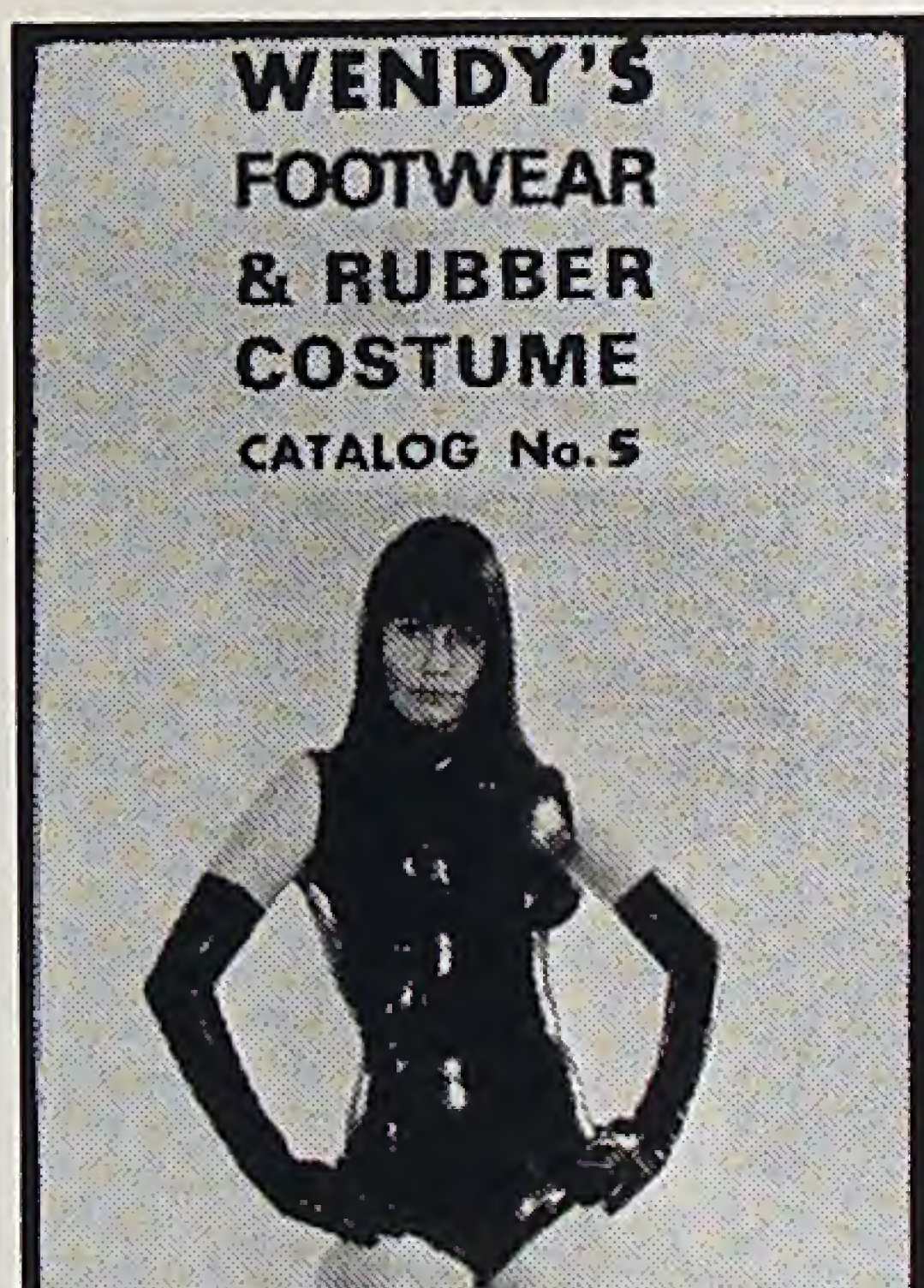
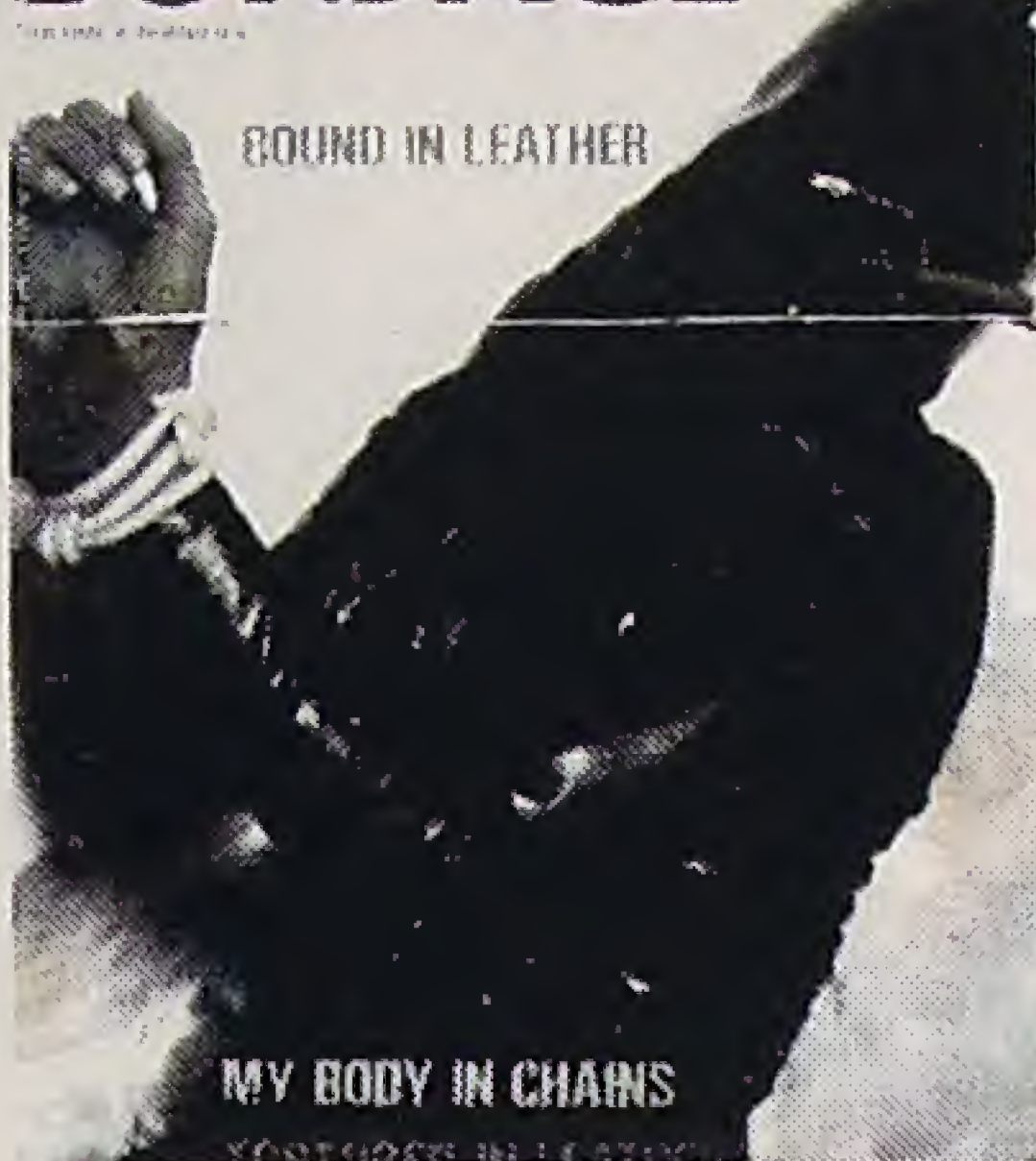
Some other magazine titles available from Wendy are "Dominatrixes Yesterday and Today" (\$5), "Mistresses of Pain" (\$5), "Leather & Rubber Bondage" (\$5), "Bizarre in Rubber" (\$5), and "Rubber and Leather Scrapbook" (\$5).

The company also offers discipline cassette tapes from \$10.50 and such B&D novelties as a braided Cat O' Nine Tails (\$22), Locking Chastity Belt (\$25) and Bondage Waist Strap (\$5), among others.

For film buffs, Wendy probably has an edge on the competition since it offers its movies in black and white and color and regular and Super 8mm configurations.

Send Wendy \$3 for its nicely-comprehensive illustrated 4-page flyer and price sheet and find out what's in it for you.

LEATHER & RUBBER BONDAGE



Mistress



MEDIA

BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Carl McGuire

From Bergen to Bardot, from Keaton to Cardinale...It's obvious that you've been watching and appreciating and remembering every attractive movie lady you ever saw in restraint. Our request for your favorite cinema bondage scenes has met with a generous response. Thanks for sharing the following titles with us.

Because these are your choices, consider each a four-star winner, with a special nod to the last one, which drew the most votes.

Here are the top 10, listed in ascending order. The envelope, please:



LOST TREASURERS—Many a priceless scene has fallen to the film editor's hatchet once the movie has passed on to television. Here is such a one, a scene that was part of "Two Flags West" when it was released in 1950 but, sadly, cannot be found in most prints shown on television today. The silenced beauty astride the horse is Linda Darnell. She was never lovelier.



BEATS US—The identities of the quieted film lasses in these two movie scenes eludes no less an authority than Paula Klaw and even our resident movie maven McGuire. Publisher North believes the blonde doing the reclining in "Railroaded" is probably Lori Nelson, but isn't doing to race out and put any money down on it. Since the ladies are obviously unable to speak for themselves and really do deserve to be acknowledged by name, maybe someone out there can tell us who they are. If someone can, then we'll tell everybody come next *Bondage Life*.

The Miniskirt Mob (1968)—Students of cinematic trivia will note that this just might be the only movie in history to feature two former child stars in ropes. Patty McCormack (remember her as the evil moppet of "The Bad Seed"?), one of gang leader Diane McBain's minions, antagonizes the boss and is put in a hogtie as a disciplinary measure. Sherry Jackson, who plays the good girl, is left tied and gagged as a warning to her boyfriend that McBain is not to be trifled with.

Play Misty for Me (1971)—Donna Mills, an actress who projects a lovely, intelligent vulnerability in most of her roles, is the prey of psychotic Jessica Walter in this Clint Eastwood thriller. The jilted Miss Walter, who has a thing for sharp instruments, sets a trap for Eastwood using his sweetheart as bait. Threatening Miss Mills with a butcher knife, the crazy lady trusses her, tapes her mouth, and indulges in a bit of cat-and-mouse, chopping off locks of her victim's hair with a pair of shears. When Eastwood arrives, he find a darkened house, a dead policeman, a tied-up girl, and—as he starts to free her—a flash of steel from behind...

The Professionals (1966)—Gutsy western with a superior cast. Soldiers of fortune Lee Marvin, Burt Lancaster, et al. are hired to rescue voluptuous Claudia Cardinale from her abductor, Mexican bandit Jack Palance. When they discover that the lady is an all-too-willing

abductee, they are forced to pull a kidnapping of their own. La Bella Cardinale is hustled out of the outlaw stronghold with her hands tied behind her back. She remains that way for a considerable time thereafter—hoisted into a railroad ore car, transferred to a locomotive, and finally used as a shield while Lancaster holds a gun to her head—before she's allowed the use of those hands again.

Viva Maria! (French—1965)—Two of France's reigning sex queens, Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau, provide the glamor in this tongue-in-cheek adventure, the highlight of which takes place in the funniest torture chamber ever devised. Having allied themselves with early-1900s Mexican revolutionaries, our two heroines encounter the wrath of the church. Captured, their wrists tied behind them and their mouths covered with black cloths, B.B. and J.M. are handed over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. But the instruments of their torture are straight out of Rube Goldberg and their hooded tormenters are strictly of the Larry, Moe and Shemp variety. After a bit of rattling and clanking, in which the captors sustain more casualties than their captives, the fair duo, blindfolded and still bound, are marched out to a firing squad. But is that the sound of revolution in the streets...?

The Baby (1973)—One of your columnist's personal favorites, this film, if encountered uncut, has one of the

finest bondage scenes ever staged. Don't waste too much time on the plot; it's something to do with Anjanette Comer's maternal fixation on a retarded young man and her efforts to gain his custody from mean mama Ruth Roman and her two vixenish daughters. But set aside some time for this: At a party, the three witches drug the lovely, dark-eyed Miss Comer and spirit her away to the basement, where they tie her hands and feet in the tried-and-true manner. Coming out of her stupor, she wails, "You can't get away with this." But they force a scarf between her teeth and rejoin the party, planning to finish her off later. "Baby," meanwhile, crawls down the basement stairs to encounter his favorite lady lying on the floor, for reasons he fails to understand, and making some babyish noises of her own to get his attention. He paws her gag loose, and she thereupon performs some athletic wriggling to slide her bound wrists down over her rump so that she can cut the ropes with a nearby handsaw. Brava!

Die! Die! My Darling (British - 1965) - This Tallulah Bankhead-Stefanie Powers chiller, with the Gothic title to end all titles, was reviewed in *Bondage Life* Vol. 1, No. 2.

Sleeper (1976) - Funny lady Diane Keaton, who understands that much of bondage is essentially comic, is carried off into the woods by eternal nebbish Woody Allen. In a short but memorable scene, he attempts to placate her while she fights the rope on her wrists and the gag in her mouth and inarticulately expresses her outrage better than words could ever manage.

The Abductors - For adults only, this is the second title in the "Ginger" trilogy, with our wisecracking lady detective out to bust up a white-slave ring. Ginger's creators are not too strong on basic moviemaking, but they know their ropes and manage to work in a number of separate bondage scenes before the fadout. Among the best: A pre-credits sequence in which three girls are waylaid in their car, forced to strip to their briefs, then tied, gagged, and carried away; and another in which Ginger's pretty associate, acting as bait for the villains, is pounced on in her motel room bed, tied hand and foot, gagged, and lowered out of the window, then taken by a boat and transported to the slavers' hideaway. Other gems: A recalcitrant captive strung out

hammock-style to break down her resistance, and Ginger herself (Cheri Caffaro) tied to a post.

Soldier Blue (1970) - Candice Bergen is a frontier beauty with a hot temper in this anti-war metaphor whose scenes of cavalry troopers slaughtering Indians were cut extensively for television. Made prisoners by renegade Donald Pleasence, she and soldier Peter Strauss are tied up and dumped in a wagon. As she lies on her side, he attempts to chew her wrist ropes loose, but the brevity of her buckskin tunic proves too distracting. Later, with the two of them, still bound, sitting by a tree, he manages to finish the job—whereupon she up and leaves him.

The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant (1971) - Don't let the penny-dreadful title put you off. It's no accident that this movie is our readers' hands-down favorite. Ludicrous as it may be in all other respects (there's this mad scientist Bruce Dern, see, and he takes the head of a psycho killer and grafts it onto the neck of this retarded giant, see...), it has one of the best bondage sequences ever, not to mention a star, blonde Pat Priest, with a noteworthy name. The offspring of Ivy Baker Priest, the lady whose name once was on all that U.S. currency, our pretty actress had made her own mark in 10 minutes' worth of inspired footage. Snooping in her husband Bruce's laboratory, she encounters the incredible two-headed thingumabob. Realizing that he—er, it—is responsible for a recent rash of murders, she hysterically tries to get to the sheriff, who coincidentally is ringing the doorbell at that very moment. But the scientist and his evil assistant are having none of that: as Bruce keeps the sheriff busy, the assistant silences the lady and leaves her seated on the floor, clad in shortie nightgown, rope, and gag. She kicks over a piece of equipment, but too late—the law has departed. The meanies return, slap her around a bit, slip her an injection, and then carry her into the bedroom. When the hero, her boyfriend, pays a visit after Bruce and friend have gone, Miss Priest does an exemplary struggle-and-moan routine on the bed, finally managing to attract his attention by kicking over a lamp.

Other titles that scored in the balloting, already reviewed in previous issues of *Bondage Life*: "Ginger," with

the aforementioned Cheri Caffaro; "The Corrupt Ones," with Elke Sommer; "Paranoia," with Carroll Baker; "That Man George," with Claudine Auger; and "Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die," with Dorothy Provine.

And these films, also singled out by our corps of sharp-eyed readers:

Coral Brown is strapped into a beauty parlor chair, gagged, and fried to a frizzle by Vincent Price and Diana Rigg in "Theatre of Blood" ('73)...Lynn Marta is overpowered, tied, and gagged by ex-Miss America Mariette Hartley in "Genesis II" ('73)...Rhonda Fleming, hands secured behind her back, is marched out before the assembled multitude and roped to a stake to be burned—well, almost—in "Queen of Babylon" (Italin—'56)...Janet Margolin, a gag over her mouth, is pinned to the ground by a pack of would-be rapists in 1974's "Planet Earth"...Blythe Danner is trussed and gagged by some scruffy outlaws in "Sidekicks" ('74)...Natalie Wood's little sister Lana is carried off by Indian warrior Alex Cord in "Greyeagle" ('78), and when she struggles too much and protests too loudly, he deals with her in a way you might expect... "The Beat Generation" ('59), surely one of the candidates for dumbest movie of the century, nevertheless has Mamie Van Doren posed briefly in ropes...Jacklyn Smith, perhaps the prettiest Angel of all, is escorted into the county courthouse by lawman Michael Parks with her wrists handcuffed behind her back in "Escape From Bogen County" ('78)...No need to watch "Two on a Guillotine" ('65) beyond the credits. That's as far as you need to go to see Connie Stevens, as a magician's assistant, "killed" by a sword thrust as she stands with her wrists roped overhead...And Ann-Margret, shackled at wrists and neck, becomes a living shooting-gallery target in the 1966 Matt Helm entry, "Murderer's Row."

And more, still more of your choices will find their way into this column in upcoming issues.

Department of Public Service: Most actresses, at one time or another in their careers, have found themselves scripted into a set of ropes. Have you a particular favorite you've long wanted to see in bondage, and wondered if she ever starred in such a scene? Send us her name, and if we know of such a film or television episode, we'll print the name of it. □

TURNING THE BONDAGE CLOCK BACKWARD FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY GOOD OLD-FASHIONED DAMSELS-IN-DISTRESS.

Want to step back in time to the adventure serial era of your youth?
Then just turn the page and behold an old fashioned Bondage
Beauty in an updated setting.



REDISCOVERED BETTY PAGE PIN-UP MOVIES!

Here are eight classic black and white Betty Page pinup movies from the early 1950's, available direct from Paula Klaw and Movie Star News. Each title is 100 feet of 8MM and sells for \$20 postpaid or \$150 for all eight titles.



- #170 "BETTY'S HAT DANCE"
- #208 "BETTY IN BLACK LACE PANTIES"
- #106 "BETTY'S EROTIC DANCE IN HIGH HEELS"
- #194 "DREAM DANCE"
- #160 "JOYFUL DANCE BY BETTY"
- #186 "SECOND G-STRING DANCE"
- #125 UNTITLED
- #146 UNTITLED

Order Now from

Movie Star News
212 East 14th Street
New York, New York 10003



By The People

This section — “By the People” — is what we think this magazine should really be all about — words and pictorial music by people whose affair with bondage is emotional instead of commercial.

•

Our theory — long since advanced — is that the most exciting words that will ever be written about bondage and the pictures that will most impressively dramatize it will come from men and women whose lives are actually devoted to it. Theirs being the most eager imaginations, then theirs should be the most provocative work.

•

That is why we want this section to expand until it dominates “Bondage Life.” To that end, we encourage your own words about the role bondage plays in your personal life and we solicit your photos for possible publication.

The traditions of society give us definite roles to play — the male as the aggressor or dominant and the female as the submissive or passive partner. Alternative roles are thought of as at least anomalous, and, by the very traditional, as even perverted. Curiously enough, some of the same attitudes carry over into our community of bondage enthusiasts which is curious since one would consider us iconoclastic experimenters.

It occurs to me, as one of seemingly-few male bondage submissives, that our position should be explained, at least for the reader who may be new to bondage, maybe even more so for female newcomers who are apprehensive about assuming the helpless role. It could be comforting to know that such role assignments are not necessary among all bondage lovers. In fact, the easier and more comfortable introduction for the female novice may be as the dominant, regardless of her ultimate tastes.

It's useful first to understand some of the many reasons why a male such as I enjoys being helplessly tied and gag-

ged by an attractive woman. And don't assume that such submissiveness reflects the rest of my character — it doesn't. Nor am I interested in whip-wielding, leather-clad masculine female dominants, since I think there is no masochism involved. My own taste in bondage photos is for bound females and not at all toward S/M, discipline, bound males and the like. I love beautiful females, best of all when they have the creativity and skill to tie me, and the imagination to enjoy it!

In the *Bondage Life* (Volume 2) interview with Gwen Dolan, she made an interesting and accurate observation: that those males who enjoy the submissive role are often the “quarterbacks” in the other areas of their lives. Males are raised to be super-achievers, leaders, aggressors, succeeders. It isn't difficult then to understand an occasional need to relax from that role. For those kind of men, the submissive role in bondage is perfect, not only because it is the ultimate form of the relinquishing of authority, but because it also heightens the personal relationship of the lovers without affecting either's public

image.

In my own experience, I notice that I lean towards bondage particularly under stress, when I am bothered or worried. Then, totally apart from any sexual motivation, the healthiest relaxation for me is to take off work, have my lady get the ropes out, and spend the next few hours tightly bound and gagged. It's lovely being alone with one's thoughts, allowing fantasies to take over, all of it amplified by the helplessness and cleansing of the mind which seems to occur, probably not very different from yoga or meditation, but with the added psychological twist of physical restraint and sweet helplessness.

Similarly, the wives enjoy the role-reversal as well. Returning to generalities, they are raised to assume the subservient role in their relationships with men and the dominant bondage role provides them with a refreshing vacation from their traditional role and some freedom of expression.

So, aside from the sexual stimulation of bondage, it offers other positive rewards, including the ones I have al-



**FROM AN EAST
COAST READER**
(Wendy King Bound and
Photographed by Jason
North)

ready mentioned. It has fit wonderfully well into my life and my wife's—I love it! I really do wonder why more couples don't try it.

Of course, there is more to it. An oversimplification might be the role of bondage in my arrival at puberty, and thus any other male's. As for me, I was 12 when the girl next door and I took to playing cowboys and indians. One day that I particularly recall was finding myself hogtied and gagged, conscious only of seeing her legs and the bottom of her slip as she completed the tying. At that moment, I had my first sexual release, but absolutely no idea of what it was. I strained to get loose and tried to talk through the gag, but to no avail, and the sexual release became more intense. My association of bondage with sex thus speaks for itself.

It is delicious to be bound and then teased by a woman, which brings me full circle to my original point—that some women might be less psychologically uncomfortable during their first attempts at bondage if they take the binder's roll rather than the bindee's. In much the same way that some men enjoy the sight of a bound and gagged female, there are probably females who would be stimulated by the sight of a bound and gagged male. This would be especially true of those many females who enjoy teasing men anyway.

There is one other thing about male bondage that I haven't seen in your book or anywhere else and that is the feeling of "being wanted" that bondage brings. If one must always "take" his woman, for instance, he misses the feeling of being wanted by her. But being bound by her gives him that feeling and it's a nice one.

It isn't my intention to promote my own ideas to others, but simply to communicate them and to point out such possibilities as the woman taking the dominant role in bondage, at least once in awhile. Bondage is infinite in its variety, from hobby to sexual form, between friends and lovers. It should be fun for both parties. The more we talk to each other, the better off we'll be.

A Reader in Connecticut





Editor's Note: A male reader submitted the following letter and accompanying photos. It is hard to believe that the "Mary Ann" of both the letter and the pictures is not really a woman since the appearance and the psyche conveyed in the letter are clearly female. Whatever, we are publishing this material since it so graphically reflects the feelings of a woman who has been bound and gagged. You might be interested in "Mary Ann's" vital statistics. She is 37, 6'1" and 185 lbs. The hair is real—27 inches long and uncut since 1972.

The photo in which I'm wearing light green slacks and a white sweater is one of the earliest bondage scenes with my Beautician-Mistress, Lady Carol. I intended to spend a relaxing Sunday doing a little light housework, catching up a little on my reading, and watching an afternoon movie on TV. To that end I wore my usual underclothes, pantyhose and 38D bra and a comfortable sweater and slacks. My shoes had only 2 inch heels instead of the four or five inch spike heels I would dress or my maid's uniforms. A little eyebrow pencil, mascara, and lipstick and combing

my hair into a smooth page and I was ready for the day.

Everything went as planned until eleven. I got my room straightened up, ironed a couple of aprons and my maid's cap and had just settled down with the latest "Hairdo" when Lady Carol knocked at the door. She had dropped by to see if I needed anything at the shopping center. She was pleased to see me instead of my brother and right out of the blue she asked if I wanted to be tied up. I caught my breath and said yes. I hadn't planned on it but I couldn't possibly refuse. After all, that's what a girl is for, isn't she?

As you can see the tie was simple. A classic knees, ankles, wrists bondage with thin rope but the gag was something Lady Carol and I have grown to love. First she packed my mouth with a man's handkerchief and then put in a medium sized rubber ball with a chain through it. The chain was locked snugly at the nape of my neck under my hair with a small padlock. This is a very secure gag, even if a girl's hands are free she can only look at her captor in pretty silence and tightened two or three links it becomes a very effective method of discipline.

Lady Carol then stepped back and took the photo you see here and stood watching me test my bonds. She had done a very good job, nothing too tight but no possibility of escape. When I raised my brows at her in question she said, "You probably want to know how long I'm going to keep you like this, don't you?" At my nod she continued, "Beats me. Whenever my husband I get back from (here she named a shopping center in a town an hour's drive away)." With a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach I knew she really meant it. She was going to leave me tied and gagged in my own home for several hours. My fright was tempered with thrill. I had enjoyed thinking about something like this happening but, given the choice, not now. The ropes and gag so expertly applied by the lovely lady in front of me said that there is no choice. Like it or not, ready or not, you're going to be bound and gagged, girl, for however

long Lady Carol wants. Patting me on the head and telling me to enjoy myself she left the house.

As I listened to her car pull away I settled back to do just as she had said, enjoy. The first hour wasn't bad at all, I wasn't really tied stringently. I could straighten my legs and shift as I pleased on the sofa. I even tried to lie down for a nap but found lying on bound wrists too distracting for rest. After the second hour it began to get boring, nothing to do and no one to watch me do it. Then I realized that the movie I wanted to see was on. At least I could turn on the TV and watch that. Hopping over to the TV (believe me, it took a lot longer to do it than it did to write it) and being thankful for my low heels, I turned it on and tried to tune to the desired channel. With my hands tied behind me I had no difficulty manipulating the dial but when I tried to bend over and twist around to see what channel I was on my hair kept falling in my face. Darn it, why couldn't Lady Carol have locked the gag over my hair, it would have been much more convenient for me. I knew what she would have said to that. The bondage on a girl is not there for her convenience. Oh well, a girl can count even when bound so I turned to see what channel was up and then just turned the right number of stops.

Three hours later, 30 minutes after Clint Eastwood had shot the last badman, I began to get scared. My legs felt like they wanted to cramp and my hands were getting numb. I felt kind of silly about the drooling past the ball gag and my jaws were sore. I tested my bonds in earnest now. No dice. Lady Carol is too expert at tying up a girl for her to have any chance to get loose by herself. As I looked out the window for her car all kinds of fears returned. Suppose she had had an accident. I could get help by hopping out to the road but bound and gagged as I was I couldn't tell what kind of help I'd get. Better to wait for my mother's return even though she wasn't due back until tomorrow morning. I might have to do that anyway. Lady Carol had threatened in the past to tie me up and



just leave me and now might be the time. That would explain why I was bound as "comfortably" as I was, usually she prefers a much tighter and omplicate bondage predicament for me.

The thought of another 14 hours like this made the rope on my wrists and legs seem suddenly too tight and gave me a rush of brains. I hopped into the kitchen, I had to stop twice to get my breath and shake my hair out of my eyes, and got a paring knife out of the drawer. I was trying to find something to wedge the knife's handle into when Lady Carol walked in.

"Naughty girl," she said as she took the knife from me. "I ought to hogtie you for the night but I won't if you'll be my maid next weekend."

When I quickly nodded my head she continued as she untied my wrists. "For trying to get loose you're going to wear discipline chains Sunday." My discipline chains only allow six inches between my ankles and one inch between my wrists which are locked to my collar by an eighteen inch chain and includes a ball gag much larger than the one I was wearing and six inch lengths of chain for earrings but I preferred a day of maid service in them to a night hogtied the way Lady Carol would do it.

Lady Carol had one more surprise for me (that's why I love her). Stepping back while I rubbed my hands she held up the key to my ball gag and said I would find it in my mail box. It was another ten minutes before I could untie my legs and then all I could do was look longingly and silently at the mail box across the road. I had to wear the damn gag for two more hours until it got too dark for people to see that the girl picking up her mail was gagged with a rubber ball. And I nearly jumped out of my skin when the neighbor's dog started barking at me. He always raises a fuss if I don't speak to him when I walk up to the mail box. That Sunday wasn't quite as restfull as I had planned but it was very exciting in a humiliating way. One of my favorite fantasies had been fulfilled.

The photo of me in the doorway is a

self-bondage attempt. I am wearing pantyhose and bra, a pretty slip, and the black skirt and white blouse you see. The shoes are black patent pumps with 4¼ inch spike heels. I packed my mouth with a small rubber ball wrapped in cotton cloth and then carefully and firmly applied the tape. I made up my brows and eyes and took the large rollers out and combed out my hair.



One advantage of that gag is that a girl doesn't have to worry about her lips. I locked a collar about my neck and locked on my ankle hobbles and locked a chain to the back of the collar. This chain is carefully sized to just reach my ankle chain when I'm standing. I locked the bottom end to my ankle chains in the middle and locked a pair of handcuffs to the chain just below my waist. The keys to all this are in the glove compartment of my car parked in the driveway near the road about twenty-five yards from the house or seventy-five steps in heels and hobbles. Now for the final step, I lock my wrists in the handcuffs using a short piece of wire for the safety lock that keeps them

from getting any tighter.

All this had been accomplished by eight o'clock and now I had the day to look forward to. A whole day to enjoy the simple amusements of a girl chained and gagged. I counted the steps from my bedroom to the bathroom, fifty-one chained paces for a slave girl. I practiced kneeling and rising gracefully and smoothly in my restraints as a bondage maid should in front of her owner. I also learned that when sitting I had to hold my cuffed hands to one side or the other to keep from putting a strain on my neck chain. Watching myself move and turn in various strategically placed mirrors and trying different poses to best display my bondage and figure.

My movements were severely restricted but it all felt so natural and right. However nice I looked otherwise I simply felt prettier in chains and gag, helplessness always becomes a girl. I could only wish to be kept like this always.

The day passed all too quickly but at least I had to wait until after midnight until traffic died down enough for me to make the terrifying journey to the car where I had another heart-stopping moment until I discovered I could reach the compartment by kneeling on the seat. I was so reluctant to stop that when I had released myself and eaten and changed into my nightgown I locked my ankles and big toes together and my wrists in front of me. After buckling on a harness gag and securing my hair on each side of my head I locked my legs together above the knees and ran a chain from my collar to my knees, ankles, and toes and locked my wrist cuffs to it above my knees. Then I slept the peaceful sleep of a girl enslaved by her bondage.

In the pic of me on the couch with a cloth gag and white boots I'm wearing the usual pantyhose and bra and my favorite white sweater and black micro skirt. The skirt is so short that when I sit I sit on my derrier not the skirt. The boots have five inch spike heels. Lady Carol had just done my hair and when we got to my place she took out some

rope and ordered me to put my hands behind me. Being an obedient girl I complied and she tied my hands together palms facing each other, very tightly. When she used a cinch rope to make it tighter I asked why she was tying me tighter than she had ever before and she only said, "you'll see." I knew with a chill she had another "surprise" for me but with my wrists already so tightly bound I couldn't protest.



Next Lady Carol tied my arms above my elbows. I'm no longer limber enough for them to touch but she did her best and again used a cinch rope for extra security and I could see in a mirror that they were only two inches apart. So very tight, I begged her to loosen them just a little. Her only reply was to stuff with a large white cloth my mouth and tie a knot gag in it and over my hair as tight as she could pull it. The knot gag is made by taking a long strip of old sheet and tying one knot after another in the center on top of each other until you have a large lump of cloth there.

Sitting me on the couch she tied my legs at the ankles and above and below the knees again using cinchers for extra tightness. I was really frightened, she had never been so cruel in her bondage before. This hurt. My arms were already buzzing and my legs were tied so tightly I felt no urge to move them at all. Then she told me the reason for the stringent bondage. She said it was time for me to meet her daughter and she wanted me to meet her this way. I felt hot and the room seemed to sway as her words penetrated. To be introduced to a girl dressed as I was was embarrassing enough but to be displayed in inescapable bondage would be fantastically humiliating. Lady Carol knew me well and as we looked at each other we both knew that if the gag were removed I would be begging her to do this very thing to me. Even as I shook my head at her I knew that that's what I would be saying if I weren't gagged.

During the thirty minutes it took her to go after her daughter I tried to imagine what it would be like when Gail walked in. Gail is a beautiful girl about fifteen years younger than me and with lovely medium brown hair to her hips. When she did enter behind Lady Carol I turned bright red and everything seemed far away. Gail and Lady Carol sat on the coffee table in front of me and teased me with talk of what they wanted to do to me. Like release my legs and lead me around the neighborhood by a leash or set me on a park bench just as I was and watch to see what would happen. After a while they untied my legs except for the bonds above my knees and made me model for them that way. Walking with your arms bound tightly behind you and knees tied together isn't easy but I knew better than to be less than perfectly obedient. After this my legs were retied and Lady Carol took Gail home returning to release my arms later. I had been tightly tied for three hours and it was thirty minutes before I could untie my legs and take off the gag but it was worth it. It was a humiliating and thus exciting and fulfilling experience.

Mary Ann

FROM A READER IN THE CARIBBEAN



FROM A READER IN SWITZERLAND

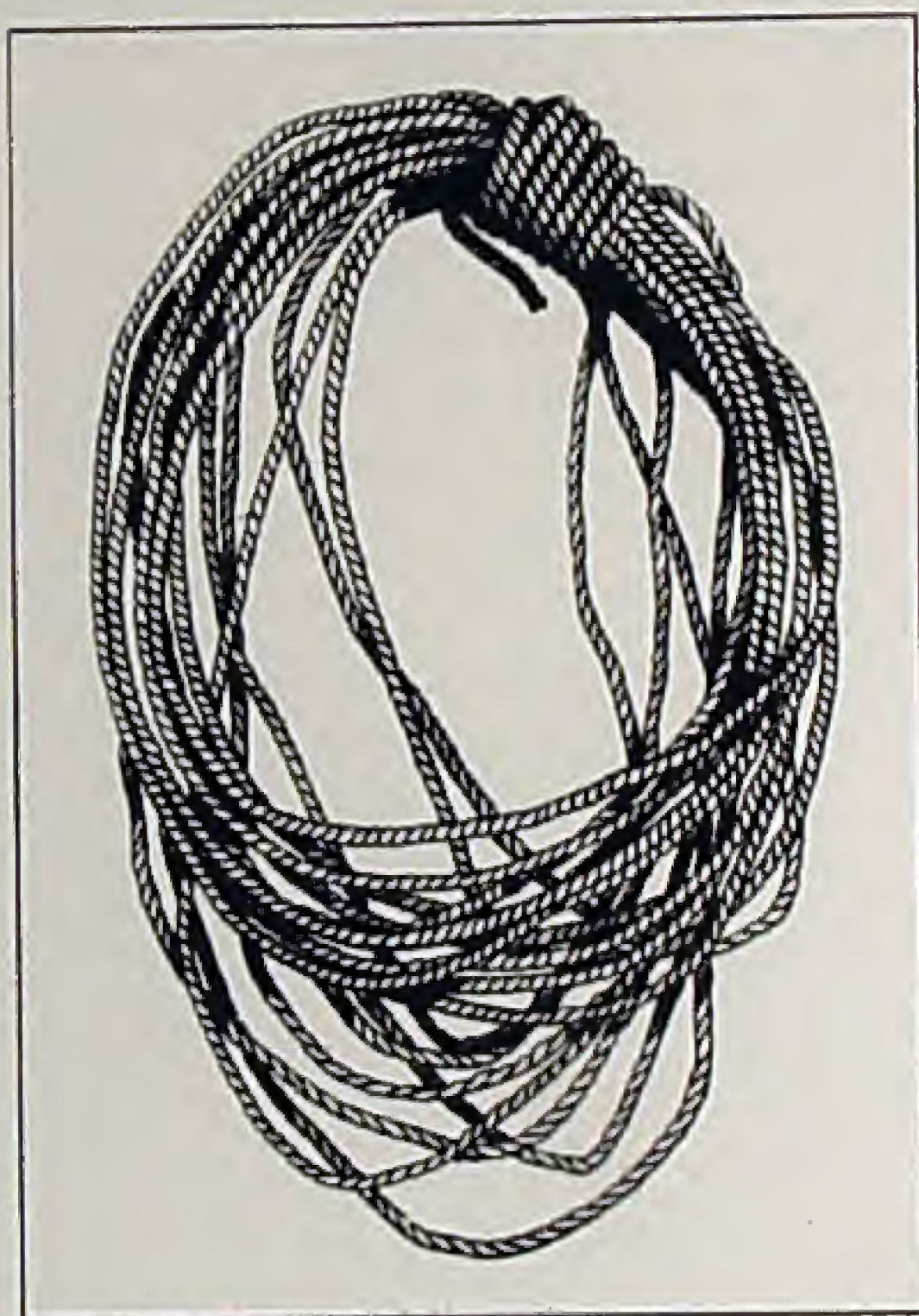


BONDAGE PRIMER

LESSON 4 – TAKING BONDAGE OUT INTO THE GREAT OUTDOORS

By. T.A.

This time, writer T.A. suggests that one good way to open bondage up to more people is to take it out in the open more often.



To those who have observed the “Bondage for Pleasure” scene over the years, it is obvious that it is emerging from its hiding place “in the closet.” Slowly and cautiously, but surely. The emergence is being retarded on the one side by the great majority of people who don’t understand it, if indeed they have heard of it at all, and on the other side by those who abuse it. Those in the middle tread cautiously for fear of getting mixed up with either group.

The first group can be brought around by a gradual process of enlightenment to a state of understanding at best, or tolerance at least. Unfortunately the exposure that most of these people have to bondage is provided by a large segment of the second group who depict bondage in story and photo as a process enjoyable only to sadists as they inflict it on unwilling subjects.

The suggestion is made that a new emphasis should be made in “bondage” publications on the unique relationship that can exist between a man and a woman who understand bondage, where both of them willingly take part in the game, and both derive a mutual satisfaction and pleasure from it. Such an atmosphere would do much to gain understanding from those who don’t intend to take part in bondage but

whose approval is necessary to a general acceptance of it.

When a state of rapport has been achieved between a man and a woman that they feel totally comfortable in their practice of bondage in their own privacy, there is still the restriction that their activity must be kept private, lest someone think them “funny.” When they themselves have accepted their activity as being perfectly normal, this restriction can take much of the pleasure out of it.

Keeping sexual bondage strictly private is no more restrictive than keeping any other sexual activity in the bedroom, but those who practice pure bondage probably find the restriction irksome. It is certainly to be hoped that some day we won’t have to apologize for our interest in bondage. If a lady is firmly bound to a chair for an evening by the fire and the television, why should a crisis arise when the doorbell rings. If she is preparing for a Sunday drive with her man, with her arms bound behind her back, why should she have to worry about someone seeing her as she walks from the house to the car?

We are a long way from such freedom and acceptance as yet, and we can only dream of the quiet pleasure that a man might derive from displaying his neatly bound lady to others,

and the satisfaction that the lady would derive from the attention that would be focused upon her.

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The difference between hidden and open bondage would seem to be whether we can get it out of the house. If we consider this to be the barrier, perhaps we would be stepping in the right direction if we moved bondage outside once in a while, even if we didn't do it openly. This article will explore some of the possibilities that come to mind, not so much as instructions on how to do it, but rather to throw out some ideas to stimulate input by others.

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Your writer enjoyed an experience some years ago that might be considered as moving bondage outdoors, and very close to doing it openly. The relationship with the bondage partner was friendly, strictly platonic, totally devoid of any feeling of self-consciousness, and carried on in a pleasant spirit of fun.

Having been involved in several months professional work each summer in a small town in the northern Sierras, I spent weekends in researching local history in the form of hiking out into the secluded hinterlands in search of abandoned towns and mines. At a meeting of local history buffs, I described my findings and one lady became interested in my trips to the extent that she practically invited herself along, and so it was arranged. On one of the numerous strenuous hikes we made, the conversation touched on bondage for pleasure. The subject was entirely new to her and she was very curious. I explained the difference between sexual and pure bondage to her, and after some thought she said she would like to try a sampling of the pure variety. As our next hike was to be in a very secluded area, it was agreed that she would have her wrists tied together behind her back. At the appointed time her wrists were bound and she seemed fascinated by the process. She stayed tied on most of the hike. She seemed to savor the feeling with pleasure, saying that she enjoyed it because it was so different from anything she had ever done. She was quite unconcerned about whether anyone saw her.

Thereafter, she was bound on most of our excursions, some of which were into areas not as secluded as on our first bondage walk. I enjoyed the openness of our activity. Apparently, it didn't occur to her at all that she should stay out of sight when she was bound. On the several occasions when someone did see her, she seemed to enjoy it. On one occasion, we came across a group of youngsters splashing in a swimming hole and she befriended them. We were with them a half hour or more. The youngsters showed a brief initial interest in her bondage after which no more mention was made of it. She explained it by saying that we were playing a game. A number of times we passed within plain sight of fishermen, who did no more than wave and stare. Once she insisted on getting out of the car at a scenic overlook

area, where two elderly women were admiring the view. A ten minute conversation with them ensued, during which only a brief and laughing mention was made of her bound hands.

These excursions came to a stop when she moved out of the area, and I have always regarded them as a pleasant preview of what may some day be in the bondage scene.

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So there is the first idea—open and unashamed bondage in the secluded outdoors. On most of the described excursions, if the relationship had been different, it would have been entirely possible for the lady to have been less than fully dressed or wearing interesting "bizarre" garb, which could have been an interesting stimulating touch.

This same atmosphere could be enjoyed if one or more couples were to have access to a summer cabin in a fairly remote area.

Few of us have access to areas of such seclusion that visible bondage can be practiced so openly. However, almost any of us can use an idea which involves visible bondage in the open, that of being bound in an automobile. A lady can easily enjoy a Sunday afternoon's drive while bound hand and foot. Her bound hands would not be obvious while sitting in the car, and the chance of someone noticing her bound legs would be remote, particularly if her knees were tied together under a skirt.

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These ideas involve visible bondage. There are other ideas which make it possible to appear in public while bound, in which the bondage is hidden out of sight.

In one of John Willie's "Gwendoline" episodes, our heroine is taken for what appears to be a jogging excursion. She is made to wear a loose woolly sweat-shirt with long sleeves. Straps are fastened to her wrists and above her elbows. Her arms are positioned at her sides with her forearms parallel to the ground, and the elbow straps are fastened together behind her back, passing through small holes in the sleeves. The wrists straps are then buckled together and pulled tight, with the result that her arms are firmly secured to her sides in a normal running position. The straps remain in view but are not very noticeable. The straps could easily have been placed completely out of sight by providing slots in the body of the garment, through which the straps would pass, with the buckles inside. In such a restraint the lady could do her jogging in plain sight of others.

Another variation of hidden bondage can be arranged with the use of garments with side pockets such as skirts, pants, or uniform dresses. The pockets themselves would be removed, leaving only the opening. The subject would have a firm body harness applied to her lower torso, with fastening points at the sides of her hips. She would then put on the dress and put her hands through the pocket openings, after which her wrists would be fastened to the harness. She would appear as though she merely had her hands in her pockets, but her arms would be strictly immobilized.

A variation of this method uses a blazer type jacket which has front pockets. Again, the pockets are removed, leaving only the openings. An upper-body harness is tied in place on



the subject. The harness should have several firm turns of cord directly under her breasts, and a cord from her neck passing through her cleavage to be knotted to the cord under her breasts, to prevent it from being worked downward. She would then put on the jacket, put her hands into the pocket openings, and her wrists would be fastened to the harness directly under the breasts. When the jacket is zipped up she would be quite helpless without a cord showing anywhere.

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One of the most obvious approaches to being bound in public is to tie the subject's arms together behind her back and then drape a coat or a cape over her shoulders. For the more daring, a light sweater can be used in the same way, but she will have to use more care to avoid exposing her bondage.

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So far these ideas have involved positive restraints. The use of partial restrictions is common in bondage, such as short chains between wrist cuffs, or hobbles that restrict walking to short steps. The short chains on the wrists allow the subject some mobility and can be adapted to some of the foregoing suggestions. The use of hobbles can be adapted to bondage in public quite easily.

In all of the following ideas, the subject would wear a skirt. One idea that might appeal to the corset fans would be to have the subject wear a firm open-bottom elastic girdle that comes nearly to the knee. This could be contrived by using two girdles, the lower one inverted, with the garter straps sewed to the corresponding straps on the upper one. A similar arrangement can be worked by using two firm garter belts. In both of these plans the subject's steps would not be positively restricted, but anything more than a very short step would involve much muscular effort to stretch the elastic, and most assuredly not many long steps would be taken.

Another hobble can be adapted from a process used by an acquaintance (who is not at all into bondage) to cure the tom-boy gait of her teen-aged daughter when she dressed up in lady-like fashion. The girl wore (fairly voluntarily because she recognized her own problem) a long-legged panty girdle that came to the tops of her knee caps. Between the inside seams of the legs was sewn a quite narrow triangular web of firm elastic material. In a normal walk, if the young lady's step became long enough to cause the web to become taut, a popping sound resulted at each step and she soon learned to control her gait. The web also prevented her from crossing her legs and she always sat in a very lady-like posture.

Effective hobbles can be made by the use of straps around each leg above the knee with a connecting restriction of leather or link chain of the desired length. The tinkling sound of such a chain connection could create an interesting effect, when walking through a restaurant or a museum.

Ankle hobbles can be worn in public under a long skirt. To keep the connecting chain or strap at a controlled height above the floor, its center would be supported by an elastic strap whose upper end is fastened to the stocking garters or to the bottom of a saddle strap.

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For those who enjoy gags, the field is limited as far as ap-

pearing in public is concerned, with one possible exception. In one of J. W.'s episodes he has Gwendoline's mouth taped shut, after which make-up and a painted mouth are applied. Several years ago, your writer discussed this with a woman who ran a magazine exchange and was also a cosmetologist. The conversation started over a magazine cover whose lovely subject was thoroughly taped up. The question was posed as to whether J. W.'s approach could give results that would be passable in public. The lady gave the opinion that she could probably apply such a gag that would pass if viewed no closer than fifty feet away. She said she would use flesh colored plastic adhesive tape, over which she would apply heavy pancake make-up, and a brush-painted mouth. She became interested enough in the subject to suggest that she would have her teen-aged niece come in on the following day to try it. A phone call assured that the girl was also interested. The next day the tape, cosmetics, and camera were on hand, but no niece. She was ailing. As my travels took me away, the test was never made.

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If "bondage in public" were to gradually sneak out into the open, it is this writer's opinion that there would be more acceptance of it than one might imagine at first. This opinion is based on the interest shown by the bystanders in the several instances of open public bondage that come to mind.

At a fair in the Mid-West some years ago, a side-show barker used a scantily-dressed young lady as a come-on. He tied her to a post in a most careful manner and after he had finished his spiel, the cords suddenly fell away and the lady was instantly free. He always seemed to have the biggest crowds.

At a public swimming pool, a doting mother was coaching her sub-teen-aged daughter in diving while bound hand and foot, in preparation for a school swimming show. The impromptu audience was spellbound.

In a midwestern town some years ago, six young ladies were being initiated into an organization of some sort. They were tied, fully dressed, to chairs in a row on the front lawn of a large home. A crawler-type sprinkler was set to travel past them. The word had leaked throughout the neighborhood and a goodly crowd was on hand to watch the girls become gradually engulfed in the spray, amid much squealing and laughing.

In the writer's neighborhood, the children were at one time highly organized into a continuing "cops and robbers" game by a twelve-year-old girl who was perhaps a bit too old for her playmates. She invariably ended up tied to a tree on someone's front lawn or to a chair on a porch. Many of the neighbors went out of their way to see her when she was tied and no effort was made by anyone to interfere with the games. Many of them laughingly remarked to one another that Liz sure seemed to like to be tied up.

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As stated earlier, this article is intended to stimulate reader input, and all who have ideas or who can relate experiences in outdoor bondage are invited to make them known to the writer by addressing "T.A.", care of Harmony Communications. The result could be a very interesting follow-up article. □



Holiday

Chapter One of a new Bondage Melodrama By the author of "Ronnie."

By Brian Sands

Jennifer decided to drive to the beach house a week ahead of her friends so that she could work in solitude polishing-up the mystery novel she had almost completed. The breath of fresh salty air was such a change from the stuffiness of the office that she parked for awhile at a curve in the road overlooking the sparkling bay. In the cluster of holiday houses below there was no movement. She scarcely noticed the large black sedan which passed her and when she turned back to her car she did not see it draw up behind one of the more distant houses half obscured by bushes.

It was already late afternoon and the sun set as her car descended the last hill before entering the deserted resort. She glimpsed a light shining dully from one house away to her left but gave it no attention. It was a week day, Monday and the off-season. There were perhaps other people taking advantage of the solitude as she was. Maybe she would in-

troduce herself in the morning.

Instead of changing immediately after dumping her suitcase on the bed, Jennifer merely threw it open and walked back into the living room. There she poured herself a drink, flung her jacket over the arm of one of the rather old-fashioned straight-backed wooden chairs, and settled down in a more comfortable armchair, manuscript in lap, pencil in hand. She still wore her smart day clothes: sheer brown seamed stockings and suspender belt, matching high-heeled shoes, sheer black pants and bra, clinging black velvet knee-length skirt, blue silk shirt and a gaily-coloured brown and pink silk scarf knotted loosely around her neck so that part of it fell wispily across her shoulders. Jennifer enjoyed dressing well, to please herself. She liked the hiss of silk against silk, silk against nylon, skin against satin.

So did her heroine in the novel, who in one of the climactic scenes wore a loose-fitting shirt-dress with long sleeves, billowing skirt and wide black belt. The colour of the dress was blue of course, one of Jennifer's favourite colours. But there was a plot problem Jennifer was wrestling with now. The heroine in the second-last chapter had discovered the dastardly plan to poison the old lady after swindling her out of her fortune, but in her attempt to escape through a

ground-floor window from the old lonely house on the cliffs she had been captured by the evil husband-and-wife team. She now lay on the floor of the attic securely gagged and bound, unable to warn the old woman, unable to free herself of her bonds.

How did the girl feel? What were her thoughts as she struggled against the irremovable ropes which held her and languished under the thrust of the gag? Somehow Jennifer did not think she was getting it right. Impatiently she scored over three of the lines on the page, interrupted then in the flow of her thoughts by a light knock at the front door. When she opened it the light from her living room revealed a pleasant-faced woman, probably in her mid-thirties.

"I'm sorry if I startled you," said the woman, "I was taking an evening stroll and when I saw your light I thought I should be a little neighbourly. We seem to be the only people staying here this week."

"Sure," said Jennifer a little wearily, "Come in and have a cup of coffee. I was working, but I seem to have come to an impasse at the moment. I could do with a break."

Jennifer made coffee and as they drank she explained in answer to the woman's question that she was a writer for a romance and mystery publishing house: "I've nearly finished my second book, but tonight the end doesn't seem to be working out right. You see, I've got my heroine in the classic predicament for a thriller, all trussed-up in the attic, but I can't seem to 'get into' her feelings. I've never been tied up. I can imagine what it's like but it's not the same." And she showed the woman the page she had been working on, adding: "I don't suppose you have done any writing yourself?"

"No," answered the woman slowly, "but I have a suggestion. Why don't you have someone tie you up for awhile, then you'll know what it's like at first hand."

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Jen-

nifer, "but the only close friend I could trust is away on vacation herself for a couple of weeks. We often collaborated on story ideas together."

"Well, there's no difficulty really is there?" replied the woman, "I'd be glad to help, that is if you trust me. I can't very well be a thief or a kidnaper," she added laughingly.

"No," agreed Jennifer, "I'm hardly kidnap material with my bank balance." She paused. It was an innocent-enough invitation.

"Fine," said the woman, "I don't suppose you have any rope around here?"

Jennifer rose from her armchair and searched through the cupboards. "There are a few pieces of thin sash cord here. Will they do?" She held the lengths up for inspection.

"That'll do fine," said the woman. "By the way, call me Meg. How do you have your heroine tied in the book?"

"Oh, hands and feet, and some rope around her body to hold her arms," replied Jennifer.

"Good," said Meg. "Well for a start how about if you lie down here on this soft rug and I'll tie your hands and feet?"

Jennifer obeyed the older woman, and as she lay on her face she pretended to be unconscious like the heroine in the story, chloroformed, her arms and hands completely limp, relaxed. Meg drew her wrists together behind her and twisted the thin sash cord several times around in a tight doubled-knot. She then wound the remaining ends of the cord between the girl's wrists neatly cinching the snug bindings. Jennifer could move her fingers and wrists only slightly for these circlets of cord allowed very little play. Next her ankles were fastened together neatly and cinched in the same way. The woman stood back and looked down at her prisoner. Jennifer lifted her head awkwardly and looked up at her, tossing her long auburn hair out of her eyes.

"How does it feel?" asked Meg.

"Circulation o.k.?"

"It feels...funny. And a little scary. I've never been tied up before. The ropes are so tight. But they're not stopping circulation, yet."

"Well, in real life being tied up is not meant to be fun," said Meg lightly. "Now, how was your heroine gagged?"

"Oh, she had a long scarf tied between her teeth, I think," answered Jennifer.

"And do you have a long scarf?" asked Meg.

"Yes, in my bag. I haven't unpacked it yet."

Meg crossed the floor to the bedroom and returned a few moments later carrying a pink chiffon scarf five feet by two feet and a large plain rayon white scarf. "These will do nicely my dear; keep you good and quiet." She rolled Jennifer onto her back and sat her up propped against the heavy sofa. The girl watched while Meg spread out the chiffon scarf on a table, shook out the white rayon scarf and bunched it into a wad and rolled it up in the centre of the chiffon length. In answer to the girl's questioning look, Meg said, "This is a little trick I saw on T.V. a couple of nights ago. It works really well. I'll make it pretty tight for realism but it should not hurt too much. Open wide." And Jennifer opened her mouth and tilted her head back a little as the woman reached the scarf and wad over her face. Neatly the chiffon-wrapped roll was wedged not just between her teeth but inside her mouth so that it pressed on her tongue. The ends of the long scarf were drawn around to the back of her neck and a single knot tied. Carefully Meg tightened the scarf so that it pressed into the soft corners of Jennifer's mouth and her cheeks before she doubled the knot. That done, she wound one end around and between the helpless girl's teeth followed by the other end in the opposite direction. These ends were tied in a tight double knot at the back of her neck like the first. Meg walked back into the bedroom and fetched a large square silk

scarf which she folded to a rectangle then over several times the same direction til the bandage was about three inches wide. This was now bound tightly over the prisoner's cheeks, lips and jaw. "Extra muffling," commented Meg with a giggle.

Jennifer found that with the packing between her teeth and filling her mouth she was scarcely able to move her jaw. She started to say something to Meg and with a shock realized how effectively silenced she had become. Her helplessness caused panic to rise in her throat but she fought it down. "I've let myself in for this," she thought, "there's nothing for it but to see it out." And it was a matter of pride too. Jennifer did not want the woman to see that she was growing frightened. So she lifted her head and shook it from side to side, experimenting so see whether the gag could be loosened in any way.

"I think you're pretty secure now," said Meg. "However, to get the reconstruction of your story right we have to rope your arms to your body too, don't we?" Meg referred to Jennifer's manuscript. "Yes, that's right," she said as if to herself. Indeed, Jennifer was now a thoroughly mute witness to the proceedings. "There's no more rope here so I'd better look for some back at my house. While I'm out, you can get yourself into the story. See whether you can loosen anything. Of course, when I come back I'll tighten it all again." And she went out, carefully closing the door so that she did not lock herself out of the house.

Alone, the panic began to return. Jennifer felt hot and stifled and her breast heaved with the effort to breathe through the silk imprisoning her mouth. Shaking her head had no effect on loosening the bandage, it seemed to cling smoothly and taut around the planes of her face. Neither did bending her chin in towards her throat help in any way to slip the gag, as she had seen it done in the movies. And pushing with her tongue was to no avail. Eventually she learnt to breathe through her nose and the strain in her chest was

lessened. Breathing became easier.

It was clear that she could do nothing about the gag. Could she loosen the bindings at her wrists? Fighting back the panic again, which would make her wrench and twist against the cords, thus making the knots tighter and even more immovable, Jennifer searched slowly and methodically with her fingers. They fluttered uselessly in empty air. The knots had been tied cunningly close in between her wrists and above the cinching well out of reach of questing fingers. Neither were there loose ends; all the cord's length had been used. The cords had been fastened so finally tight that she was quite unable to twist her wrists about to gain any kind of purchase on the elusive knots. It was no use, and after nearly ten minutes of futile effort the girl sank back with a sigh against the large sofa. Her ankles were just as firmly tied, as a few movements of her legs revealed, so there was no means of freeing her legs and walking to the kitchen for a knife or something with which to cut the bonds. All the same, maybe she could wriggle across there and find something sharp on which to saw the bonds. Though she was bound hand and foot Jennifer still had considerable freedom of movement.

She had managed to work her way awkwardly halfway across the living room floor towards the kitchen, propped up on her arms and shifting moving her legs in caterpillar-like movements, when she heard footsteps outside. It was Meg returning. When the older woman entered the room carrying several coils of clothesline cord over her arm she saw immediately what Jennifer had been trying to do. What she saw was a very attractive smartly dressed young woman with tousled golden-russet hair, face strained and flushed, eyes large and a little feverish from the tightness of the gag, black clinking skirt riding along her thighs. The disappointment in Jennifer's eyes was all too apparent and Meg laughed. "It looks like I got back just in time. You were going somewhere? Well, these..." and

she held up the ropes in her hands, "will dash your hopes for you, me proud beauty." Meg was getting into the part too.

"At least this is something of a game," Jennifer thought wryly, "but it's a little rough on me."

Meg consulted Jennifer's manuscript. "You don't say in detail *how* your heroine Robyn has her arms tied, so I'll improvise." With that, she knelt down behind Jennifer and set to work tying the girl's arms back together above the elbows. Jennifer was very fit and supple and it was possible without a great deal of effort to fasten her elbows firmly together. This was done, using all of one length of cord. Meg next wound a second length around Jennifer's body just below her breasts three times, knotted it securely and passed the ends in a criss-cross between her breasts and made two more windings around the girl's shoulders and chest above them. The prisoner's arms were now almost immovable, except for her forearms which still had a little room for maneuvering. It was an easy matter to deprive the girl of even this small freedom. Meg cut a shorter length of cord, fastened a couple of twitches around Jennifer's forearms just above where her wrists were bound, and passed the ends of the cord around her waist. This was two windings and the knot secured in the small of the girl's back. The final touch was to tie Jennifer's legs more tightly together with several lengths of cord turned around them just above her knees and cinched. Jennifer's body was now a single helpless unit.

Meg carefully inspected Jennifer's bonds and the gag, testing for any looseness, then she straightened up and said, "I'd better get back to finish my own unpacking. You're breathing safely enough through your gag for me to leave you for awhile, and this way you can really feel what you've made your heroine go through." As she moved to leave, Jennifer started convulsively in her bindings, lost balance and toppled awkwardly onto her side. Meg turned at

the door and smiled. "I don't think you'll be moving about much, the way you are now. Do a bit of languishing. I'll be back." It was improbable that she heard even a snatch of the thin throaty squeal of anguish which was all the sound Jennifer could make.

Now that she was alone again and rendered more thoroughly helpless, Jennifer fought back tears which threatened to plunge her over the brink into hysterical. No matter how hard she tried she could not move her arms. The gag seemed to muffle her more with each passing minute and she had to force herself to breathe steadily through her nose. Then the dam burst. She twisted and fought frantically to escape, rolling from side to side, tossing her head, her cheeks wet with tears; whimpering with faint muffled sounds only she could hear, for they were so soft that no one in any other part of the small house, let alone on the paths outside, would hear them. Gagged as she was, it was impossible to keep struggling in this way, and exhaustion came quickly. She blacked out. When she came to, she felt a little calmer but her body was trembling with shock and nervous exhaustion. She lifted her head and moaned then let her head fall back to the soft carpet. Her fingers and arms were tingling from the constrictions at her elbows and wrists. She had been tied so tightly that fortunately in her struggles she had caused herself little harm. There was some rawness in her wrists, that was all.

Slowly she began to think from the point of view of this being the experiment it was. The heroine Robyn in her novel *Dark Towers* had lain bound and gagged in the attic for several hours, before being packed in a wicker basket and spirited away from the mansion before the old lady should become suspicious and search the rooms for her. She had then been kept tied to a large heavy chair in an old cottage on the moors until rescued by the hero. Without the advent of the hero she would not have gotten free. "Is this going to

happen to me?" thought Jennifer. "Is Meg going to read the rest of the chapter when she comes back and then reenact it with me? If she decides to, I can't do anything about it." Jennifer listened apprehensively, and it was with a stir of excitement that she heard Meg's footsteps coming up the path. Strange, why was she looking forward to this possibility, Jennifer wondered?

The first thing Meg did when she entered the room was to inspect Jennifer's bonds and the gag. Appearing satisfied, she settled herself comfortably in the armchair and picked up the manuscript. Ignoring the younger girl's struggles and stifled sounds, she began reading. After a couple of minutes Jennifer settled back dejectedly against the sofa at which she had once more been propped. With head lowered she waited in subjection for Meg's next move, half dreading, half excited as to what it might be.

Meg began to enjoy the story and became thoroughly absorbed in it. For almost an hour she browsed through the earlier chapters, picking up the main plot elements. When she reached the chapter detailing the capture and imprisonment of the heroine she put the manuscript down a moment and looked at the trussed girl huddled a few feet away. "You really are a good writer. I'll bet you could put down dreally well on paper the way your're feeling now."

While Jennifer heaved and wriggled uncomfortably in bonds which were starting to torture her already aching limbs, Meg began reading aloud parts of the story. It was written in the first person:

"That was their plan. I must get help. Quickly I ran to the old library, switched on the small desk lamp and by its light began to wrestle with the window which looked out onto the garden. It seemed hours before the frame gave. Far too slowly and with a squeal which I imagined must be heard throughout the house, it opened until there was room enough to climb through. I alighted in the soft soil and grass, a place overgrown

with weeds and with the pungent scent of dead things in the still night. The large single gate beckoned and gratefully I stumbled towards it. Then, as I pulled frantically at the latch a shadow detached itself from the surrounding darkness so suddenly that I was totally unready for what happened next. A hand holding a thick soft cloth clamped over my face, covering my mouth and nose and preventing any outcry even if there had been anyone to hear. It tasted sickly and foolishly I took a deep strangled breath. Too late, everything began to recede until there was darkness and a falling... I came to slowly, and it was some time before I remembered what had happened. I was lying on something soft, smelling of must, an old mattress? Then I remembered: the old lady and my attempt to run for help, the tastes of the chloroform. I had been recaptured. With an effort I tried to sit up, but there was no response from my limbs. I was bound. Tight cord held my wrists together behind my back and also secured my ankles together. There was a tightness around my upper arms and chest where more rope had been wound. And I was gagged. A long piece of material, which I found out later was my own satin scarf, had been wound several times between my teeth and knotted tightly at the back of my neck. I choked and struggled against it for awhile until I learnt to breathe through my nose and ease the pressure on my aching lungs. In the process I found that I could make very little noise, certainly none which could be heard outside the room..." and so Meg continued. Jennifer listened enthralled, and with her eyes closed visualized herself in that situation, something which was not hard to do considering she was herself thoroughly silenced and helpless. It was growing late and Meg had almost finished the book. Surely her ordeal would be over soon thought Jennifer...

To be continued.

A SPECIAL NOTE TO OUR READERS

We've been asked by a good many people to respond to the unpleasant and almost incoherent snipings of that peevish East Coast publisher about what low-lives we are.

Our position is that we are not interested in him or anything he has to say. Nor are we interested in giving him the publicity which he is apparently bent on and we are certainly not interested in annoying our readers with this kind of nonsense.

Still, we have been urged to say something.

So, what we will say is that our work—especially *Bondage Life*—and our integrity speak for themselves. And we will also say that it is extremely tough to decipher this other publisher's babble and figure out what he is trying to say, let alone respond to it. We think we're straight-shooters and we think he's boring. He does books of Klaw photos and so do we. His are 64 pages long, without text, and have a \$6.50 cover price. Ours are 80 pages long, with plenty of historical text and a \$6.00 cover price. And he implies that *we* are shortchanging *our* customers.

And I'll be a sonovabitch if I can figure out anything for the market that is more fair than *Bondage Life*. Almost all other bondage magazines have only 48 pages, some have 64. *Bondage Life* has 80 pages, including loads of color, and more damned hard, conscientious writing and reporting than any half-dozen other bondage magazines put together, prettier girls, improving bondage and all for \$6. There's all the proof you need of what no-good bastards we really are.

Anyway, that is our statement once and for all. As for this other fellow, long may he rave—same as any other windbag.

John North

Answers to Movie Quiz

1. A
2. E
3. C
4. B
5. D

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We told Annie Harris it was okay to use our phone and get someone to come over and help her out of her bind. What we didn't tell her was that the phone wasn't hooked up. We can't be expected to remember everything. Sorry Annie, but that's the way it goes with us sometimes.

















More Portraits of Jennifer



Jennifer West is rapidly becoming the Lois Meriden of this era, in the sense that everyone wants to see more of her and she is so compliant. Imagine having her around your place like this for awhile.



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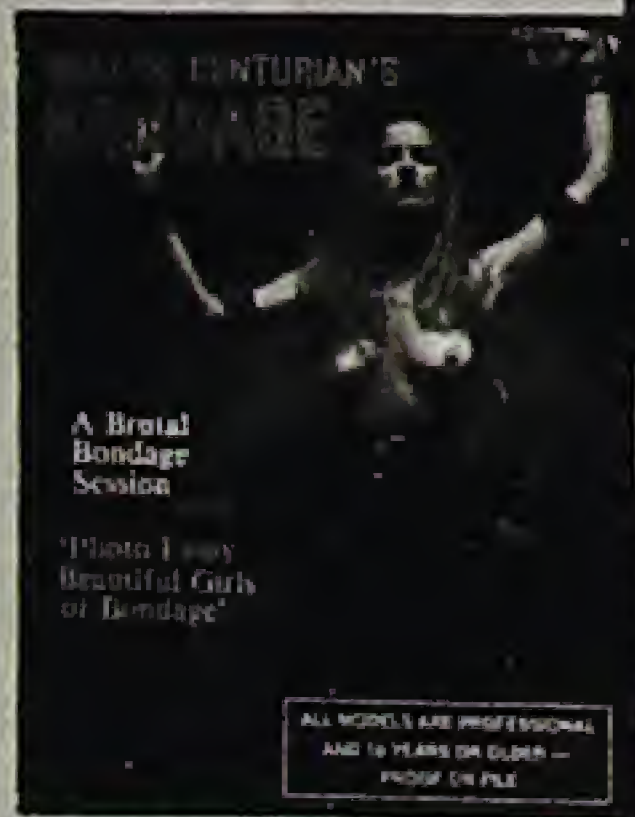
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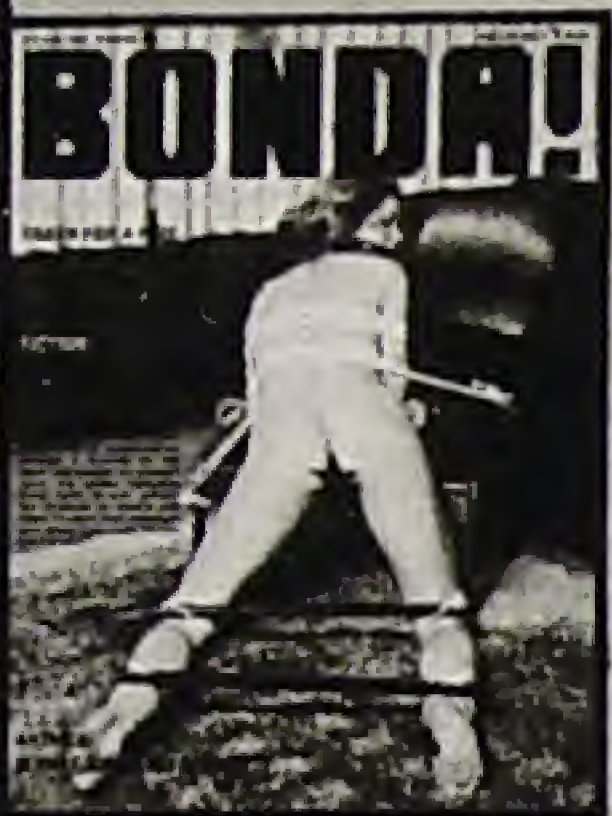
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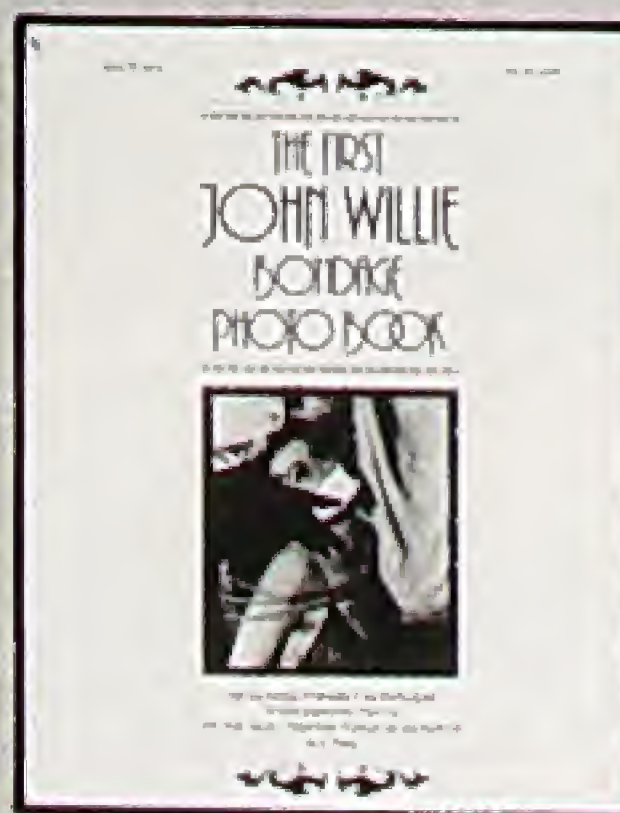
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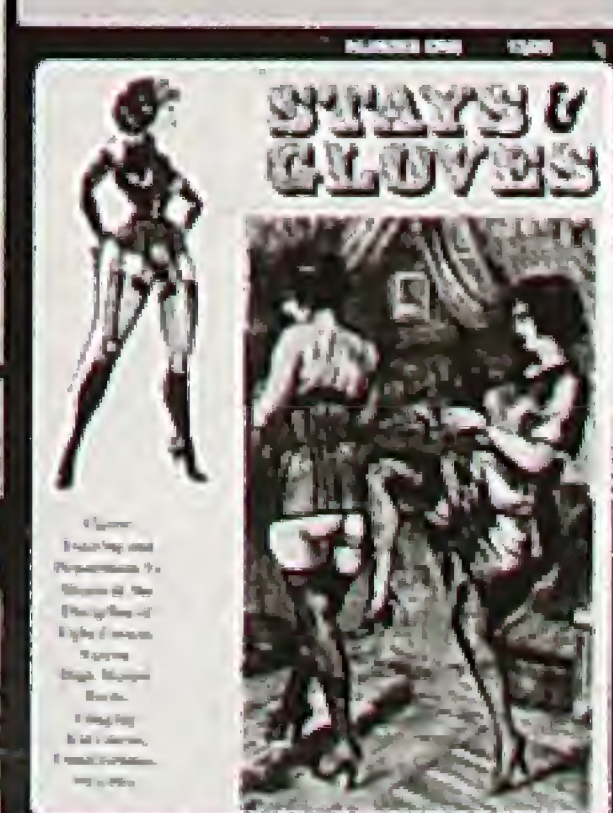
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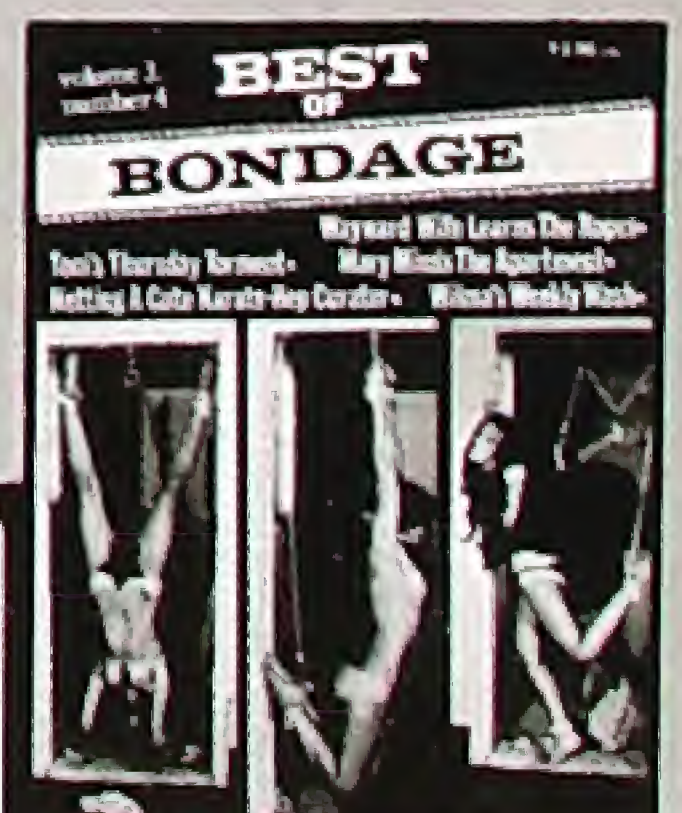
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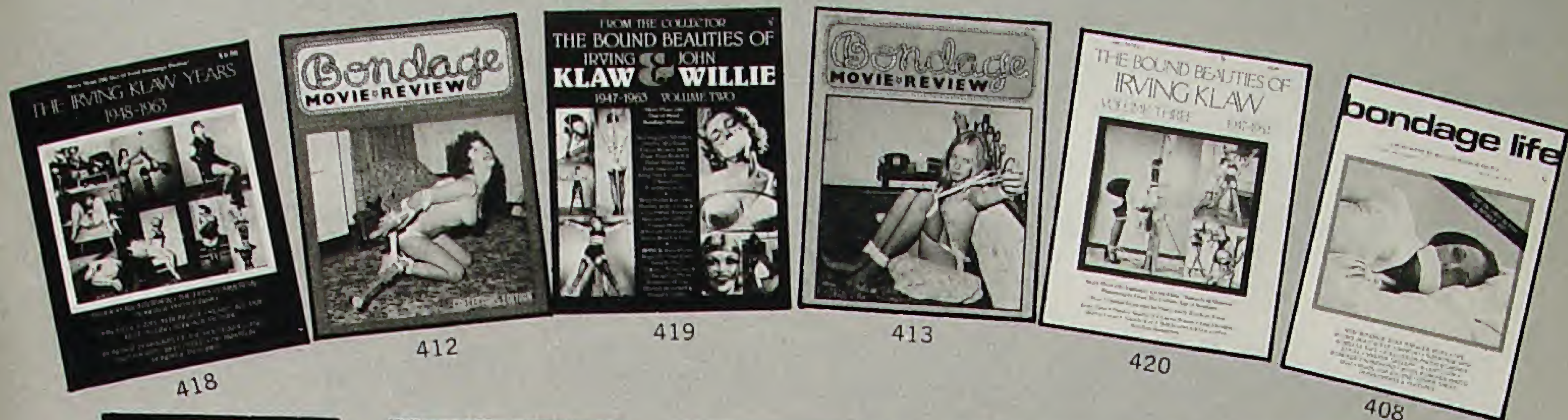


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MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

Here is yet another quintet of silenced sirens of the silver screen. Guess who, by matching the gagged glamor girl photo with the film from which the exquisite moment is extracted. Answers on page 55. All photos courtesy Paula Klaw of Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003.

- A. Stefanie Powers "Die! Die! My Darling" #1
- B. Claudine Auger "That Man George" #4
- C. Margaret Hayes "The Lady Has Plans" #3
- D. Sylvia Sims "Danger Route" #5
- E. Suzanne Lloyd "The Return of Mr. Moto" #2

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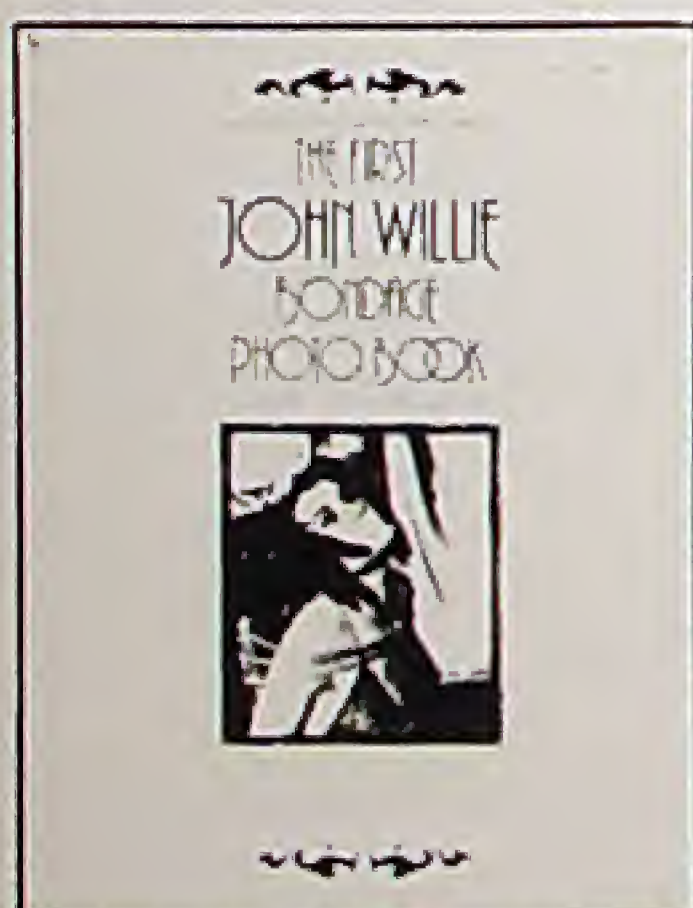


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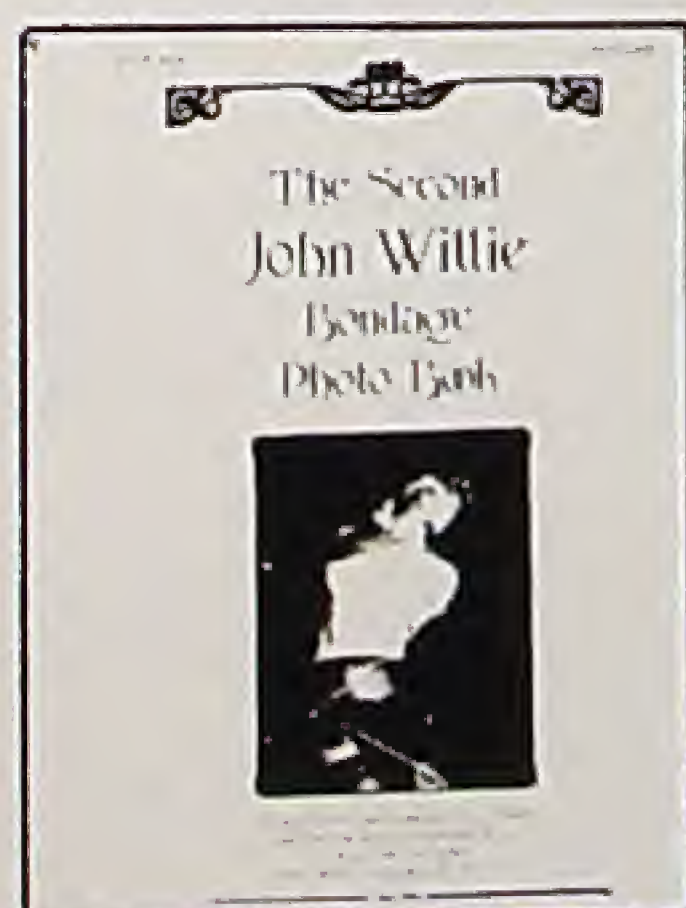


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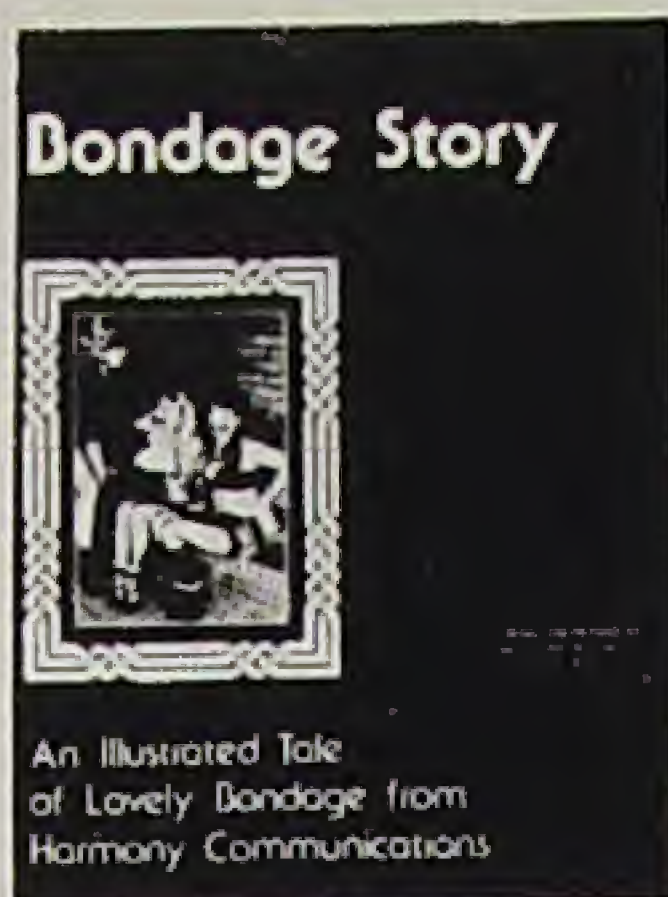
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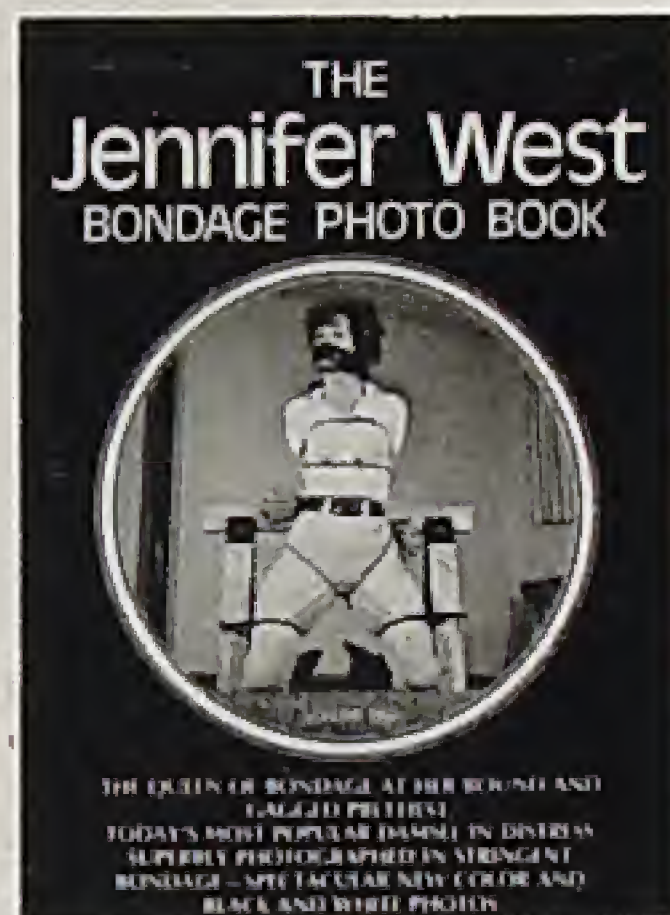
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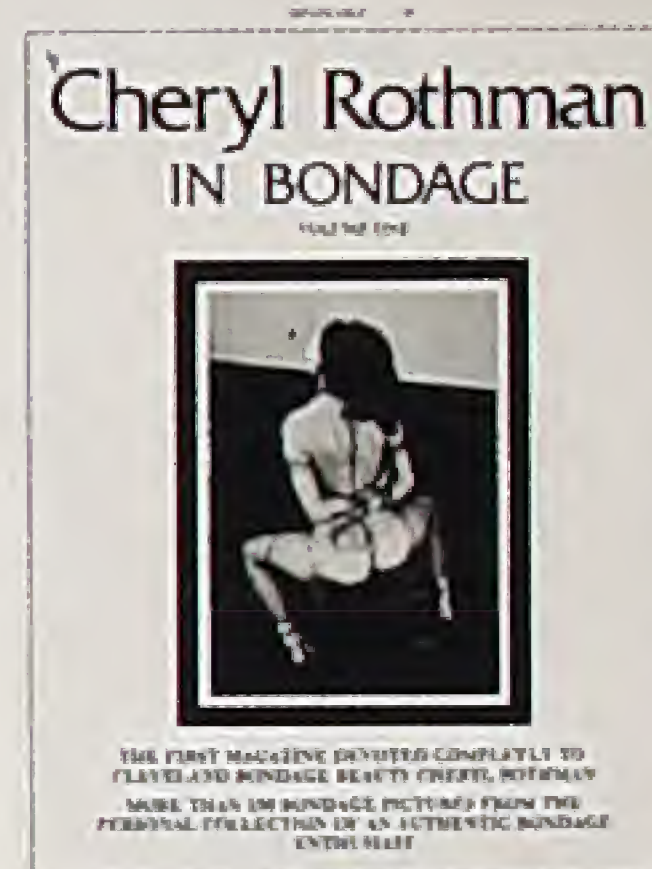
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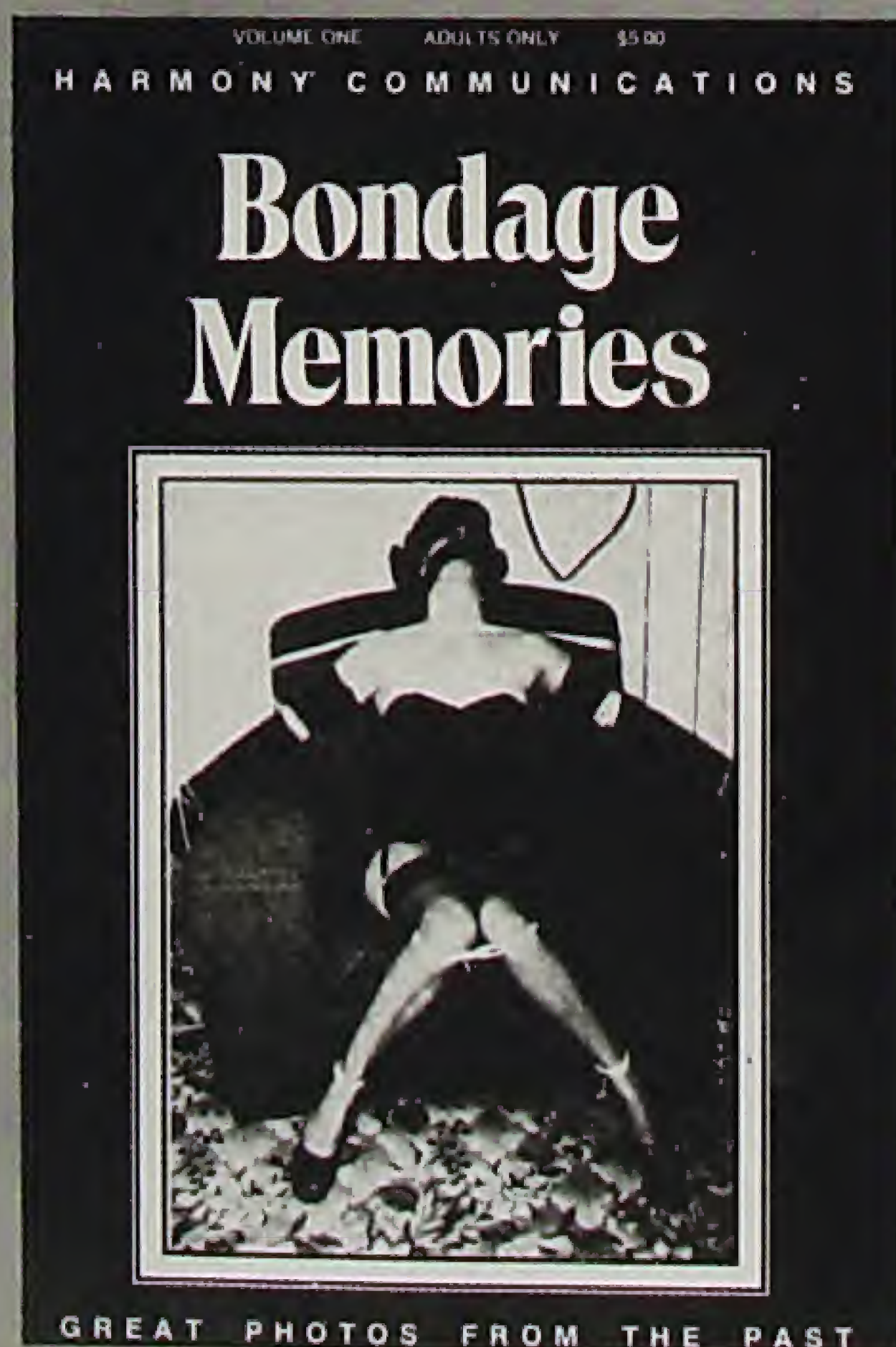
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